MICHIGAN FARMER
AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

GIBBONS BROTHERS. Publishers. | DETROIT, SATURDAY, NOV. 29, 1890---WITH HOUSEHOLD SUPPLEMENT. | PRICE. $1 PER YEAR

VOLUME XXI. | *"PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE!"* | NUMBER 48

CONTENTS.

Agricultural.

MICHIGAN LIVE STOCK AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The coming meetings of the live stock associations should bring together all breeders of improved stock in the State. The matter of making provision for an adequate exhibit at the World's Fair is an important one. At the last meeting of the Shorthorn Association a resolution asking for the location of the Fair at Chicago was adopted, thereby pledging the members in advance to an effort to see this State properly represented at the exhibition. The important position occupied by Michigan in agriculture and stock growing, our situation with reference to the location, State and individual pride, should induce our stock growers to see that we are properly represented in all classes of improved live stock. A mutual organization for this object will secure a much better exhibit than if left to desultory individual effort.

It is true that the continued low prices obtained for pure bred cattle do not encourage the breeders, yet as they do and will continue to keep and breed cattle, it is absolutely necessary that the best methods be employed in breeding, feeding, and handling them. With this in view, the programme for the coming meeting of the Shorthorn breeders was prepared. The papers to be presented and the discussion connected with them will cover all the ground relative to the whole subject of cattle breeding, and the exchange of experiences and views must be helpful to all.

Of the social advantages of these meetings it is not necessary to speak, to those who have heretofore attended, and to those who have not, we can assure that there will be no cause for regret. The reduced rates given by the railroads and low rates at hotels will make the expense comparatively light.

For the Michigan Farmer.

CONVENTION OF WASHTENAW COUNTY FARMERS.

At Ann Arbor on Nov. 20th last, delegates from 27 farmers' organizations met in convention to form a county organization. There were represented three farmers' clubs, four granges and twenty P. of I. associations. Nearly 100 representatives were present and a good deal of interest manifested.

Upon convening H. D. Platt, of Ypsilanti, was made chairman for the day, and J. E. Hall, of Dexter, secretary. A committee on credentials was appointed, and after the delegates were listed, the convention adjourned until 1 p. m., at which time the objects of the call and the intentions of the delegates were made known. After quite a long discussion by various delegates a motion prevailed by which a committee of seven should be selected to draft a constitution and by-laws and a declaration of principles. This committee was to have two members from the farmers' clubs, two from the Grange, and three from the Patrons of Industry. The committee consists of Andrew Campbell, J. L. Lowder, S. P. Ballard, J. Kalambach, Jas. Doyle, E. N. Ball, B. G. English.

Upon motion the committee were instructed to name the officers of the organization at once. Having done so, the convention elected the following temporary officers: President, H. D. Platt; Secretary, E. N. Ball; Treasurer, H. Stumpenhusen.

The convention then adjourned to meet at the Court House, Ann Arbor, Mich., Dec. 19th, 1890, at which time constitution, by-laws, and declaration of principles will be presented by the committee for adoption by the convention.

E. N. BALL, Secy Protem.

SEVERAL French newspapers, among them *Le Temps* and *Le Petit Journal*, have come out in favor of admitting American pork to France free of duty. Several trade organizations have adopted resolutions to the same effect.

A CONFERENCE OF FARMERS.

On Saturday of last week Belleville Grange 331, of Wayne County, held an open meeting, to which farmers from the surrounding county were invited. The idea was to have an interchange of opinion as to what legislation was necessary to the welfare of farmers.

The officers of Belleville Grange are as follows: Master, J. R. Clark; Overseer, M. R. Strong; Lecturer, Frank Robb; Steward, A. B. Rigg; Asst. Steward, Delos Throop; Chaplain, C. C. Potter. Secretary, J. C. Pullen; Treasurer, Jas. E. Moore; Lady Asst. Steward, Mrs. Coykendall.

The meeting was held at the home of Mr. Frank Robb, and brought out a large attendance. Ypsilanti Grange was represented by Messrs. S. P. Ballard, John Campbell, H. D. Platt and H. Stumpenhausen, all of whom took active part in the discussion.

Master J. R. Clark, of course, occupied the chair, and when the meeting had been called to order he called upon Mr. Robb to state the objects of the meeting. Mr. Robb, on behalf of himself and Mrs. Robb, cordially welcomed all present, and then stated briefly the purpose those who called the meeting had in view. He spoke of the necessity of farmers acting in concert if they desired to secure any reforms through legislation, and hoped the discussion would bring out just what legislation was deemed necessary by farmers for their interest.

Mr. John McDougall, of Ypsilanti Grange, was called out, and expressed his ideas in a clear and forcible manner. He said one important point was to decide just what they needed in the shape of legislation. The mere election of farmers to office would not bring about reforms. There must be unity of action. He did not believe that because a man was a good farmer he would necessarily make a good legislator. We must first be sure of what we want, and when that point was arrived at he felt sure they would obtain it. He said there was a conviction among farmers the country over that there was something wrong, and the question was what should be done to rectify this wrong if it existed. He instanced the methods pursued by corporations when they wished to secure legislation favorable to themselves, and said farmers could learn a lesson from them. He thought one great wrong that existed was the present system of taxation as applied to corporations. He said the first thing was to diagnose the disease and then apply a remedy

H. D. Platt, of Ypsilanti, was next called out. He said two things the people were suffering from were corporations and lawyers. The latter constitutes the bulk of our legislators. If they are good lawyers they are sure to be in the employ of some corporation, and when they are sent to the legislature or Congress naturally favor corporations. He then spoke of his experience as an agent of the State Grange in the last legislature, where he was sent to secure the passage of the beef inspection bill and to prevent the repeal of the mortgage tax law. He soon found the House had been fixed to repeal the latter, and the Senate also, but the Governor vetoed the bill. He referred to the peculiar tactics of certain members of the Senate who opposed the meat inspection bill, finally defeating it, and the manner in which the chairman of the committee and several lobbyists had been rewarded for their exertions in securing the defeat of the bill. He thought farmers should have their agents in the legislature as well as the corporations, make known what they want, and they will come nearer getting their demands.

Mr. H. Stumpenhusen followed, and he referred humorously to what the farmer wanted. He said the farmer had very little, and wanted a great deal. He counselled unity of purpose if they wished to accomplish anything.

Mr. John Campbell was next called out, and embraced the opportunity to thank the host and hostess for their very cordial welcome and generous hospitality. He then referred to the subject under discussion, and said it was essential that farmers should know what they want. He noticed that there was a good deal of diversity of sentiment among them as to what they did want. So far as taxation was concerned he thought the old income tax was a just law, and based upon correct principles. As at present levied taxation did not bear evenly upon all classes. The farmer's possessions lie open to the eye of the tax-gatherer, and he paid on all. The business man, or the professional man, although receiving larger incomes, could not be reached. Hence he favored an income tax.

J. S. Moore was of the opinion that railroads should be taxed the same as any other property. He thought if railroads and corporation were taxed it would not only be better for farmers but more just.

Mrs. John Campbell gave her opinion of lawyers. She said if she had to engage a lawyer she would get the meanest one possible, as if she did not get him the other side would. She made some criticisms of the McKinley bill from the standpoint of a raiser of poultry.

Others who took part in the discussion were Mrs. Loren Riggs and George Smoik, and when they had finished speaking a paper upon "The Future of the Cattle Industry" was read by R. Gibbons, of the MICHIGAN FARMER. This completed the programme for the day, and after the adoption of a resolution of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Robb, the meeting adjourned.

UNION FARMERS' CLUB.

The Union Farmers' Club accepted the invitation of Vice-President Swain to hold their meeting at his pleasant home in the village of Sherwood, on Nov. 12th, and by the goodly number present we would say that the Swain family all came home. It is very gratifying to note that each succeeding meeting is more interesting, that all questions are more deeply discussed, and those who are put on the programme come well prepared.

The meeting was opened by music from our club quartette. The question box from last meeting was then opened and the following subjects discussed:

1. The best way to eradicate rats from farm buildings. Mr. Harsh would use a ferret; Mr. Wadsworth would have them look down the shot gun barrel. J. S. Dunks would use a little cold lead:

2d Question: The best way to destroy ticks on lambs. Mr. Zimmerman used kerosene; J. S. Dunks found salt and sulphur fed after shearing them very effectual; while others dipped their lambs in warm tobacco juice.

3d Question: What is the cause of poor health among farmers' wives? L. Barnett thought they did not have outdoor exercise enough.

E. Rowe said if looks had anything to do with it, they lacked exercise. A few of the ladies thought it was because they had to pick up so much after their husbands—milking cows, chasing chickens about at dewy morn. But most of them did not know but what farmers' wives were as healthy as any other class of people, and they were glad to say that they enjoyed as many privileges, had as many happy hours—even more than in other vocations.

4th Question: County superintendents of schools. J. S. Dunks argued that it was money thrown away to employ a county superintendent. Mr. Harrison considered them of but very little benefit. Miss Winans thought they did not stay long enough to give any real help. They would come in, look around a little—scarcely ever made any suggestions—and were gone. J. H. Rike believed that every time a superintendent came he could learn some new point which he could take to some other school, thereby helping each and every teacher in his county. J. D. Studley thought the present system all right, but he would have the salary reduced. L. L. Harsh would have superintendents elected by ballot; so would Mr. Wheeler, Rowe and many others. The question was referred to John McCausey for next meeting.

The song of "The Old Tin Horn" reminded us that dinner was ready, and such a table!

After dinner the gentlemen of the club took in the sights of the city, all spoke of the thrift manifest, but did not think that it would rival Chicago for some time yet.

The gavel of the president sounded and reminded us that we had many questions to dispose of before we went home. The first was a select reading by Mrs. J. S. Dunks, "Grandma's Story," which was nicely rendered, and was followed by a discussion on the subject: Are the prices of agricultural products governed by supply and demand, Mr. Lehr, of Athens, opening. The following were his thoughts:

In this paper I shall not take sides for the sake of argument nor look at it with a mind brimful of prejudice because I am a farmer only, but upon the real facts as in my mind they exist at the present time.

Talk is cheap, as the saying is; in fact too cheap. This is all very wrong. Our words lack weight in too many instances. Think three times before speaking once is a good adage. Be sure you are right, is another.

I have frequently heard a remark like this from farmers: "Now tax time is near they won't pay as much for our produce, for they know we must have money then. How they gore us in tax time!" Well, I think this is one of the thoughtless sayings—all nonsense I think. Tax time differs in the various States; I think there are taxes paid from spring until fall, and from fall until spring, the year round in the different States, and is it true that when tax time comes in Michigan, buyers of produce make it a point, *a particular point*, to lower prices at that time in this particular State? I know that I have heard this argument so often and also have taken particular notice at that time so often, that I am completely satisfied on that point, and concluded long ago that it is all cheap talk. If that was really the case I should be shrewd enough not to get caught in such a flimsy trap as that.

And again, we as farmers find a great deal of fault with the commercial class—very often call them hard names because, as we think, they take the advantage. Well, I suppose they do very much the same the world over outside of the saints—unsaintly farmers included. The millenium has not yet come.

Do supply and demand rule the prices of farm products? As a general thing I think they do. Of course there are times when the gamblers control the market, but they are always short lived. Several years ago speculators undertook to bulge California wheat, but, alas! it was like undertaking to stop the great Mississippi in its course to the Gulf; the structure gave way, and the crash brought ruin and disaster to all who stood in its path. And so also not so very long ago in Chicago Hutchinson run wheat up to a dollar and a half. I should have liked it very much then to have sold my wheat, but the old fellow got through combing those other fellows too quick for me, and wheat very, very soon went back to its natural level.

And so also on the other hand in the produce market, "bears" may run prices down below ebb, but look out if the supply runs short; disaster and ruin follow as sure as the tide ceases not.

Let me make this plain and simple: When the United States has 60,000,000 bushels of wheat any one year and has a population of 65 millions and it is said to take on an average six bushels for each man, woman and child for bread and seed, or 390 millions bushels, then there is an overplus of about 200 millions for which we must seek foreign markets.

In years past Europe depended almost altogether upon us to supply their shortage, but that is not the case now. Russian railroads are bringing their surplus to the seaboard in very formidable amounts; India and other countries are also becoming powerful competitors; and people of England and other countries who must buy, are not such liberal, saintly beings as to shed many tears over the fancied sufferings of the American farmers or pay any more than they can possibly help for our products, with their teeming millions of pauper laborers, etc., to feed and keep quiet.

I heard a man say not so very long ago at an industrial meeting—quite a prominent farmer, and by some considered a wise man—the following: "The idea that we can have too much of any good thing!" I say we can have too much. We can have too much money. On a certain island they had a certain kind of shells for money, and another country found out that clam shells were money and they took a ship load to that island and ruined the money business in that line forever.

What would a man do with 10,000 bushels of wheat, that much of corn, oats, potatoes, 1,000 pounds of honey, 500 barrels of apples, pears, peaches and plums, 200 horses, oxen, sheep and what not, if the majority of men had the same in his town, and he could not find a market? Such absurdities!

I have tried to show in a former paper before this Club the great magnitude of these United States, of our almost unlimited territory; how rapidly it has been opened up to settlement, and how railroads are penetrating in all its parts; of the agricultural implements invented to help extract and gather from the rich natural soils its strength in the shape of products. And streams of produce, like rivers, are flowing eastward to the great seaboard centers.

Only as far back as in the forties, which does not seem so very long ago to me, when I was a boy, I remember well how there were no railroads as now; cattle were driven to the eastern or Atlantic cities, in large droves, near the turnpike we then had our home. Western New York, eastern Ohio, and other States bordering on the Atlantic, supplied the entire demand for all the products used. How is it now? What a mighty change! Let a person stand and note down every car loaded with produce running east on the Air line Division of the Michigan Central railroad in one week, and he will wonder where it all goes to. And what is this compared with the total which is flowing eastward on all other roads, to say nothing of what is carried down the Mississippi and on the Great Lakes through the Erie canal and the river St. Lawrence. I for one, often wonder that buyers can be found at even the prices we are receiving. There are gluts in the market at times, and no wonder in poultry, hogs, cattle and other articles. But you say there are thousands starving, and if we had the right kind of legislation this would not be so. Money is in the hands of the few and the common people are always oppressed; the rich always are oppressive, etc., etc., and cursed be the rich anyway. Such talk we often hear, and I consider it is all of the kind that comes under the head of "cheap." A certain class of people are poor and unable to buy our produce on account of natural causes, call them providential if you please; but they are few comparatively. But there is another class, composed of criminals, of the seedy midnight henroost variety, the lazy, shiftless kind, the kind that legislation affects just in one way, and that is to jug them. Thriftlessness composes by far the largest class, and you might apply all the legislation that could be conjured up under the sun and you could not change them. They say the world owes them a living. The time to start is while young; all who would prosper must travel the rough and rugged road, and that is what makes men and women, keeps them out of mischief, out of the saloon, out of bad company; gives them an interest in the welfare of society, of business; starts industrious habits, self denial, godliness and manliness. What has all this to do with the price of products? Well, for the reason that thriftiness produces self respect and pride. Pride enough to furnish the necessaries, if not the luxuries that we producers have to sell.

There is a large class who look at labor with disrespect; but I say woe to our Republic if this class should ever lead in society. To have honor, to be industrious, to be educated, and to have christian economy, should be considered the highest standard of sovereignty in this our beloved Republic, by every one.

But why am I leading off from my subject? Because as long as we have an evil, cancerous population mixed in, evil consequences will follow regardless of legislation. Yes, the millennium has not yet come.

Ask yourself what you would do if you were a millionaire. Are you an angel yourself? Or, if you had to buy instead of sell, how then, oh you saintly farmers!

At present we are at peace with all the world; no devastating wars in this country or any other; peace seems to be the order of the day. How happy and thankful we ought to be that the devil's dogs of war are chained at present. Peace on earth and good will to man is what we all should pray for. During our late civil war millions of our countrymen were taken from their natural, peaceful occupations, and rushed into conflict to destroy, and as a natural consequence more was consumed and destroyed than was produced. Supply was shortened and the demand increased, and very high prices were the natural consequences.

Go through our land from one end to the other at present and look at it with unprejudiced eyes, and see prosperity abounding everywhere. We spend more money than any people under the sun; peace and plenty abound. Of course there are exceptions; the profligate do and will always suffer.

The laborer is better paid than ever before, everything considered. O, how uncharitable and unthankful we are for all those God giving bounties! Let us hate sin more, and try to build up the pure, and the noble, and the good. Be more charitable and kind to all fellow mortals. As I love my dear native land and my fellows everywhere, I admonish that we seek more after our country's safety by not winking at what we consider small immoralities. Profanity in our youth is heard on our streets and we older ones are deaf; virtue is too cheap; hypocrisy abounds and sincerity is lacking. And we try to blame somebody else for all our ills, if they really exist, because we cannot ride in palace cars and spend our time at summer resorts, or at least do something different from what we are doing, and because to do all this our products do not bring enough money into our pockets, for the demand is certainly lacking.

J. R. Blake and J. D. Studley believed as did Mr. Lehr in the main, but there were times when speculators forced prices up or down—got a corner—without regard to the supply or demand, or any other apparent cause.

Mrs. Wheeler and Ed. Dufer thought we did not have money enough to carry on business successfully.

Mrs. Travers never saw the time if she had a pig to sell but what it would bring money.

J. L. Kilborn thought Boards of Trade a good thing, and that their transactions had conformed to supply and demand.

Many others had a word to say, and the discussion was closed by agreeing to disagree that supply and demand does not regulate the prices of farm products.

Our next meeting will be at the Grange Hall, the second Thursday in December. Let every one turn out and take part in the discussions.

D. D. BUELL, Sec'y.

For the Michigan Farmer

THE ESSEX FARMERS' CLUB.

The November meeting of this Club was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Dunning, on Friday the 14th inst. The morning was bright and fair, and the day beautiful throughout. At about 10 a. m. the members began to arrive, and we were met by our genial host, who ushered us in by the "corner door" where we found everything in readness for our reception. The meeting was called to order by President Cowles at 10:45, with twenty-one members present. After the appointment of committees and other miscellaneous business, the following programme was carried out:

Recitation by J. T. Daniells.

Essay by N. Cowles, on "Tile Draining." The subject was presented in a practical and systematic manner and ably discussed by the Club. Among the advantages of draining set forth in the essay and brought out by the discussion were: Rendering the field of a more uniform grade of moisture, making it practicable to commence operations earlier in the spring, beautifying the locality, ridding the land of pestilential and malaria breeding bogs, and the satisfaction of having put the farm in the best possible condition for agricultural purposes.

Reading by Mrs. L. B. Rowley, followed by music; recess was taken.

After dinner, we wended our way to the barn and other farm buildings, where we inspected the stock and premises generally.

The afternoon session opened with music, followed by reading by Lewis Bentley, on "Fall Plowing," essay by Mrs. J. T. Daniells, recitation by Miss Daisy Matthews.

Question: What benefit do we derive from the Farmers' Club? Some of the benefits noted in the discussion were, the improvement of the faculties, a mutual interchange of ideas, a closer and more friendly relation with our neighbors, and social enjoyment.

Recitation by Leslie Matthews. Music

Adjourned to meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Floate, Dec. 12, 1890.

A. MATTHEWS, Sec.

CHICAGO FAT STOCK SHOW.

List of Premiums Awarded in the Various Departments.

Below we give the list of awards made at the recent Fat Stock Show at Chicago. In looking over the list of exhibitors we note a large falling off in number. This is especially the case in the cattle department, some of the beef breeds not being represented.

So far as Michigan is concerned the results were quite encouraging. Considering the amount of stock on exhibition from this State, the record made in the ring was excellent. In cattle Michigan had only two representatives, James M. Turner, of Springdale Farm, Lansing, and M. L. Sweet, the well known breeder of Holstein-Friesians at Grand Rapids. Mr. Turner had entries in the two-year-old, yearling and calf classes of Shorthorns, and while in the older rings he was not successful in carrying off any ribbons, in the calf ring he got both first and second. He also secured second prize for the best herd owned and bred by exhibitor. In the Hereford rings, in which he also had some entries, he was unsuccessful. But the Hereford exhibit this season, although fewer in number, was probably the finest yet made at the Fat Stock Show. All the Shorthorns showed by Mr. Turner were from Grand Duke of Woodburn. The two-year-old Victor, showed by him, made the largest gain per day of any in the ring, 2.15 lbs., giving a weight of 1,640 lbs., while his age in days was 762. Many thought he should have had a place in the awards.

M. L. Sweet contested with B. Waddell, of Ohio, for the honors of first place in Holstein-Friesians. He got first on three-year-olds on the steer Ben Johnson, second in two-year-olds with Madolyn's Leader, second in yearlings with a spayed heifer, and second in calves.

The exhibitors in the sheep classes from this State did very well, and so did the exhibitors of swine. The light show of Berkshires would have given our breeders a good chance to make a record had any been on hand.

There is one thing, however, which is becoming apparent, the Fat Stock Show is not the drawing card it once was, either with the public or breeders and feeders. The management will have to introduce some changes which will draw out a large number of exhibitors as well as visitors, or the show will die out.

CATTLE - SHORTHORNS.

Steer or spayed female, 3 years or over—1st premium to None Such, owned by W. H. Renick, Austerlitz, Ky.; 2d to Col. Mills, owned by M. E. Jones & Bro., Williamsville, Ill.; 3d to Jerry, owned by J. C. Frazier, Bloomfield, Ia.

Two-year-olds.—1st, Confident, M. E Jones & Bro.; 2d, Lady Meadow Lawn VI, N. P. Clarke, St. Cloud, Minn.; 3d, New Gold, C. L. Barclay, West Liberty, Ia.

Yearlings—1st, Amelia's Hillhurst 3d, N. P. Clarke; 2d, Davy, W. A. Harris, Linwood, Kan.; 3d, Captain, J. H. Potts & Son, Jacksonville, Ill.

Under one year.—1st, Romulus, James M. Turner, Lansing, Mich.; 2d, Bruno, James M. Turner; 3d, Nutcracker, M. E. Jones & Bro,

HEREFORDS.

Three-year-olds or over.—1st, Bowdoin 11, C. M. Culbertson, Newman, Ill.; 2d, Earlington 8th, Adams Earl, Lafayette, Ind; 3d, Bellman, Gudell & Simpson, Independence, Mo.

Two-year-olds.—1st, Hindoo, C. M. Culbertson; 2d, Merry Boy, Adams Earl; 3d, Coupon, J. R. Price & Son, Williamsville, Ill.

Yearlings.—1st, Abel, Thomas Clark, Beecher, Ill.; 2d, Pathmaster, C. M. Culbertson, 3d, Edison, Adams Earl.

Under one year.—1st, Earl Wilton 43d, Adams Earl; 2d, F. M. Atwood, Thomas C. Ponting, Mowequa, Ill.; 3d, Eifel, Adams Earl.

DEVONS,

Two-year-olds.—1st, Perfection, J. W. Morse & Son, Verona, Wis.

Yearlings.—1st, Prince, J. W. Morse & Son.

Under one year.—1st, Farmers' Review, J. W. Morse & Son.

HOLSTEIN FRIESIANS.

Three-year-olds or over.—1st, Ben Johnson, M. L. Sweet, Grand Rapids, Mich.; 2d, Rattler, B. Waddell, Marion, Ohio.

Two-year-olds,—1st, Tom B. Waddell; 2d, Madolyn's Leader, M. L. Sweet.

Yearlings.—1st, Spot, B. Waddel; 2d, Van Asmus, M. L. Sweet.

Under one year.—1st, Daisy, B. Waddel; no second, 3d, Alpine Boy, M. L. Sweet.

GRADES AND CROSSES.

Three-year-olds or over.—1st, Shorthorn, P. D. Armour, W. H. Renick, Ky., 2d, Shorthorn, Sherman, J. D. Prim & Son, Athens, Iowa; 3d, Galloway, Hornless Sam, S. P. Clarke, Dover, Ill.

Two-year-olds.—1st, Hereford, Charley, Mr. Eimendorf; 2d, Hereford, Tom, Makin Brothers; 3d, Hereford, The Boss, Fowler & Bassett.

Yearlings.—1st, Hereford, Sultan, Adams Earl; 2d, Hereford, Dick, C. M. Culbertson; 3d, Hereford, Swift, George Walker, Walker, Ind.

Calves.—1st, Shorthorn, Just the Kind, Wm. Moffatt & Bro.; 2d, Shorthorn, Healy, W. A. Renick; 3d, Hereford and Shorthorn, Wonder, Adams Earl.

The premium for the best grade animal in the show went to Mr. Eimendorf's Hereford, Charley.

SWEEPSTAKES BY AGES.

Best three-year-old.—Shorthorn, Non Such, W. H. Remick.

Best two-year-old.—Grade Hereford, Charley, Mr. Eimendorf.

Best yearling.—Cross-bred Hereford-Shorthorn, Sultan, Adams Earl.

Best calf.—Hereford, Earl Wilton 43d, Adams Earl.

Breeders' Gazette Challenge Shield for best steer in the show bred by exhibitor.—Hereford Bowdoin 11th, C. M. Culbertson.

Grand Sweepstakes—Best steer in the show of any breed—Shorthorn Non Such, W. H. Renick, Kentucky.

HERDS.

Shorthorns.—M. E. Jones & Brothers.
Herefords.—Adams Earl.
Holstein-Friesians.—B. Waddell.
Grades.—Adams Earl (Herefords.)

Sweepstakes—best herd of any breed—M. E. Jones & Brothers, Shorthorns.

American Shorthorn Association special premium for best herd, consisting of a two-year-old, yearling and calf bred by the exhibitor.—1st, M. E. Jones & Brother; 2d, James M. Turner; 3d, C. S. Barclay, West Liberty, Ill.

SHEEP—SOUTHDOWNS.

Wether two years or over—1st, J. H. Potts & Son, Jacksonville, Ill.; 2d, John Rutherford, Roseville, Ont., Can.; 3d, J. H. Potts & Son.

One year and under two—1st, Stone & Harris, Stonington, Ill.; 2d, J. H. Potts & Son; 3rd, John Rutherford.

Under one year—1st, John Rutherford; 2d, J. H. Potts & Son; 3rd, J. H. Potts & Son.

SHROPSHIRES.

Wether two years or over—1st, Geo. Allen & Son, Allerton, Ill.; 2d, J. F. Rundel & Son, Birmingham, Mich.; 3rd, John Rutherford.

One year and under two—1st, Geo. Allen & Son; 2d, John Rutherford; 3rd, Geo. Allen & Son.

Under one year—1st, John Rutherford; 2d, Geo. Allen & Son; 3rd. Geo. Allen & Son.

OXFORDS.

Wether two years or over—1st, Stone & Harris, Stonington, Ill.; 2d, Stone & Harris; 3rd, John Rutherford, Roseville, Ont.

One year and under two—1st, Stone & Harris, 2d, Stone & Harris; 3rd, John Rutherford.

Under one year—1st, 2d, and 3rd to Stone & Harris.

MERINOS.

Wether two years or over—1st, F. E. Day, Washburn, Ill; 2d. J. F. Rundel, Birmingham, Mich.; 3d F. E. Day.

One year and under two—1st and 2d to J. F. Rundel.

Under one year—1st, J. F. Rundel.

Heaviest wether of any age—John Rutherford, Roseville, Ont., Leicester.

COTSWOLDS.

Wether two years or over—1st, and 2d, John Rutherford

One year and under two—1st, John Rutherford; 2d, J. F. Rundel; 3rd, John Rutherford.

Under one year—1st, John Rutherford; 2d, John Rutherford.

LEICESTERS OR LINCOLNS.

Wether two years or over—1st, 2d and 3d, John Rutherford.

One year and under two—1st, John Rutherford; 2d, J. F. Rundell; 3d, John Rutherford.

Under one year—1st, 2d and 3d, John Rutherford.

CROSSES (GRADES EXCLUDED.)

Wether two years or over—1st, Shropshire and Leicester, owned by John Rutherford; 2d, Shropshire and Cotswold, owned by Geo. Allen & Son; 3d, Southdown and Lincoln, owned by John Rutherford.

One year and under two—1st, Oxford, owned by Stone & Harris; 2d, Shropshire and Cotswold, owned by Geo. Allen & Son; 3d, Shropshire and Leicester, owned by John Rutherford.

Under one year—1st, Shropshire and Leicester, owned by John Rutherford.

SHEEP IN PENS.

Pen Southdowns—J. H. Potts & Sons, Jacksonville, Ill.

Pen Shropshires—John Rutherford, Roseville, Ont.

Pen Oxfords—Stone & Harris, Stonington, Ill.

Pen Cotswolds—John Rutherford.

Pen Leisters and Lincolns—John Rutherford.

Pen Merinos—J. F. Rundel, Birmington, Mich.

Pen Cross-breds—John Rutherford.

Grand Sweepstakes—Best wether in show—Southdown, owned by J. H. Potts & Son, Jacksonville, Ill.

Sweepstakes Pen—Best pen in the show—Oxfords, owned by Stone & Harris, Stonington, Ill.

SWINE—BERKSHIRES.

Barrow, 12 and under 18 months old—1st, Baron Signet; 2d, Royal Signet, Cass & Burns, Buffalo Hart, Ill.

Six and under 12 months—1st, Wonderful; 3d, Black Prince, Cass & Burns.

Under six months.—1st, Clinker; 2d, Bar None, Cass & Burns.

POLAND CHINAS.

Barrow 12 and under 18 months.—1st, Ben, J. C. Shaw, Platsville, Ill.; 2d, Guss, F. M. Srout, McLean, Ill.

Sixth and under 12 months.—1st, Clements, Stone & Harris, Stonington, Ill.; 2d, Beauty, F. M. Srout.

Under six months.—1st, Little Tom, William T. Linn & Son, Yorkville, Ill.; 2d, Harry, Cass & Burns.

CHESTER WHITES.

Barrow 12 and under 18 months.—1st, Standard; 2d, Snowbank, J. R Price & Son.

Six and under 12 months.—1st, Chum; 2d, Chubv, J. R Price & Son.

Under six months.—1st, Headlight; 2d, Brightlight, J. R. Price & Son.

ESSEX.

Barrow, 12 and under 18 months.—1st, Black Tom, M. H. Walworth, Hillsdale, Mich.; 2d, Burt, Frank Willson, Jackson, Mich.

Six and under 12 months.—1st, Jerry, M. H. Walworth; 2d, Ban, F. M. Srout.

Under six months.—1st, W. C., Frank Willson; 2d, Dandy, F. M. Srout.

DUROC JERSEYS.

Barrow 12 and under 18 months.—1st, Farmer's' Profit; 2d, Farmers' Alliance, Thomas Bennett, Rossville, Ill.

Six and under 12 months.—1st, Granger; 2d, Democrat, Thomas Bennett.

Under six months.—1st, Victor; 2d, Admiral, Thomas Bennett.

YORKSHIRES.

Barrow 12 and under 18 months.—1st, Tom, 2d, Jerry, A. P. Chapman, Sugar Grove, Ill:

Six and under 12 months.—1st, Frank; 2d, Jim, A. P. Chapman.

Under six months.—1st, Shortage, Frank Wilson; 2d, A. P. Chapman.

VICTORIAS.

Barrow 13 and under 18 months.—1st, Mogul, M. H. Walworth; 2d, Stonington, Stone & Harris.

Under six months.—1st, Get There; 2d, Get There II, Stone & Harris.

OTHER DISTINCT BREEDS.

Barrow 12 and under 18 months.—1st, King, a Tamworth; 2d, America, a Tamworth, Thos. Bennett.

Six and under 12 months—1st, General, a Tamworth, Thomas Bennett; 2d, Twig, a Suffolk, Frank Wilson.

Under six months—1st, Fearless, a Tamworth; 2d, Joe Feller, a Tamworth, Thomas Bennett.

GRADES AND CROSSES.

Barrow, 12 and under 18 months—1st, Dumpling, William T. Linn & Son, Yorkville, Ill.; 2d, Colonel, owned by F. M. Srout.

Six and under 12 months—1st, Logan, F. M. Srout; 2d, Prince, William T. Linn.

Under six months—1st, Romeo, William T. Linn; 2d, Harrison, F. M. Srout.

SWEEPSTAKES.

Barrow, 12 and under 18 months—Dumpling, a grade, W. T. Linn & Son.

Six and under 12 months—Clements, a Poland-China, Stone & Harris.

Under six months—Romeo, a grade; W. T. Linn & Son.

GRAND SWEEPSTAKES.

Best barrow in the show—Nasby, F. M. Srout.

Heaviest barrow, any age—Welch 3151, E. J. Hollenbeck, Rock Falls, Ill.

PEN LOTS.

Pen of Berkshires, Cass & Burns.
Pen of Poland-Chinas—F. M. Srout.
Pen of Chester Whites—J. R. Price & Son.
Pen of Essex—M. H. Walworth.
Pen of Duroc Jerseys—Thomas Bennett.
Pen of Yorkshires—A. P. Chapman.
Pen of Victories—Stone & Harris.
Pen of other distinct breeds—(Tamworths,) Thomas Bennett.
Pen of grades and crosses—F. M. Srout.

SWEEPSTAKES PEN.

Best pen in the show—Pen of grades, F. M. Srout.

BREEDERS' AND FEEDERS' SWEEPSTAKES.

Best six hogs, any age or breed, bred and fed by one exhibitor—1st, Thomas Bennett; 2d, W. T. Linn & Son.

State Swine Breeders' Association.

The 3rd annual meeting of the Michigan State Swine Breeders' Association will be held in the Capitol building, Lansing, Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 16. A interesting programme is being prepared which promises a very instructive meeting. Programmes furnished in a few days.

Wednesday evening (Dec. 17th), there will be a joint meeting of stock breeders to arrange for an exhibit of live stock at the World's Fair in 1892.

QUINCY McBRIDE, Sec'y.

The Horse.

TOO MANY BREEDS.

It certainly looks to us as if too many new breeds of horses are being brought into the country. It has became a serious matter with fair and exposition associations, which are supposed to "recognize" each of these new breeds by appropriating a sufficient amount in premiums to put it on an equality with breeds known for many years, and being bred in large numbers. Look at the draft classes: There are the Shire, Clydesdale, Suffolk Punch, Percheron, French Draft, and Belgian classes which "claimrecognition," and some of which it is impossible to distinguish from one another by the greatest experts living. You simply have to rely upon the stud books of some of these breeds as to where they belong. Who can select Percherons from French draft horses? They are so similar in character that to discriminate between them is impossible. It as certain as anything can be that the blood in each is very similar. Or where is the man who can decide whether a bunch of British draft horses are all Clydes or all Shires, or comprised of both breeds? Where is the Shire without Clyde blood, or the Clyde free from Shire blood?

Then look at the Coach Horse classes: Here are Cleveland Bays, and French and German Coaners, each bred for the same purpose, and showing the strongest indications in form and style that they trace to the same fountain head—the English thoroughbred. Admitting that all these breeds, or rather families, of the horse have sufficient merit to entitle them to the regard of the breeder, why should not they, in fairs and expositions, compete against each other? Pat Clydes and Shires together, all classes bred for coaching purposes, and Percherons and French Drafts. Then make the premiums a great deal larger, and perhaps add a fourth. Select judges who are not engaged in breeding any one of them, and let the merits of each individual animal, for the purposes for which he is bred, determine where the premiums shall go. Would not those who are engaged in improving their stock be able to form a better idea of the merits of a particular breed of horses after such a competition than as at present conducted?

It is nothing to the farmer whether a horse is a Shire or Clyde if he is the best horse. Neither would it matter to him whether the stallion he is breeding to is a French draft or a Percheron if the colts are all right.

The fact is, this multiplication of breeds is a humbug, and not in the interest of improved horse stock. With equal right the breeders of trotters could claim that there should be classes for Hambletonians, Clays, Morgans, Bashaws, etc., which are certainly as distinct in character as some of those so-called breeds.

Pneumonia in the Horse.

W. E. Farmer, in the *American Cultivator*, recommends the following treatment for horses attacked by pneumonia.

"Pneumonia is one of the most fatal diseases at this time of the year for both man and beast. The horses are especially liable to it among the domesticated animals, and the better the horse is, that is, the animal with the highest strung nervous system, the more susceptible it becomes to such ailments. Many of our best horses are destroyed by lung affections, due to carelessness of the owners. A little exposure at the wrong time may prove fatal even with the best medical care. Long drives when the horse is a little out of condition makes its system ill-prepared to resist the attacks of disease. The nervous energies at such times are exhausted, and the blood vessels have not the power to contract properly upon the large amount of blood. Internal congestion follows, the blood vessels of the lungs become enlarged, and if some remedy is not given at once inflammation may set in and pneumonia carry the animal away. A nervous horse should never be overstrained in this way, and when in such a condition it is almost always fatal to place the animal in a cold, damp or poorly ventilated stable.

"On the other hand, exposure to the hot rays of the sun might also induce congestion. It is necessary to reduce the temperature of the animal gradually, and see that no sudden changes of conditions and temperature are allowed to interfere with the animal's health. A good horseman knows the signs of nervous exhaustion, which are the external warnings of internal congestion of the large blood vessels of the lungs. The animal will have spasmodic contractions of the nostrils, cold sweats, tremors, dullness of eye, and a nervous, uncontrollable trembling of the whole body and limbs.

"Should these signs be apparent, give the animal active massage treatment. Rub all parts of the body and limbs with dry flannels, and do anything that will excite local circulation. If the case is a severe one, give the horse half a pint of whiskey, mixed with the same amount of water. Soak the feet in hot water, and bandage them in warm flannels. See that the whole body is covered with warm woolen blankets as well. Change the blankets several times if they become wet with perspiration. Many a valuable horse could have been saved by such effective treatment as this. If the congestion is allowed to develop into pneumonia, it is difficult to say what the result of it will be. The preventive measures, however, are better than the curative. Never exhaust the horse to such an extent as this, but use more common sense and considerateness for the animal's welfare and comfort."

A Scheme for Naming Colts.

Naming colts as they are brought into the world on a big stock-raising farm might seem to be a simple operation, but just as when the parents of a dozen children find themselves short of names and have to resort to a biblical or classical terminology, so do the owners of a lot of horses kept for the purpose of raising horses for the turf find themselves running short of names. Who has failed to notice the odd nomenclature of the race-course? The proprietor of a farm and a big lot of thoroughbreds in Pennsylvania has made a rule for himself. To all the colts born in the first year, under his rule, he gave names beginning with A, in the second year B, and so on. He put the idea into practice eight years ago and reached the letter H last year. For instance, last year a colt was named Harmony and this year his brother had tacked to him the name of Impudence. As the breeder has fifteen colts to be named with names beginning with the letter I he confesses himself puzzled to originate attractive and orotund names enough to go round.—*New York Sun.*

Feeding Colts.

Prof. Stewart, who has given so much attention to feeding animals, says on feeding colts: Colts six months old, properly weaned, may be fed on a mixture of 1 pt. oats, 1½ qts. bran and 4 oz. linseed meal, all well mixed together, as a day's feed of grain, given in two feeds, with what hay they will eat. This ration may be gradually increased as the colts grows older. A colt one year old may be fed the following mixture: 1 qt. oats, 4 qts. bran and 1 lb. linseed meal (as a day's ration of grain, given in two feeds, dry), with what hay it will eat. A colt two years old may have the following mixture; 2 qts. oats, 6 qts. bran and 1 lb. linseed meal, as day's ration, mixed with lbs. of cut hay, dry, given in two feeds, with what other long hay it will eat afterward. When the feed can be properly given dry, more saliva will flow to moisten during mastication. Bran and oats mix well together, and the small quantity of cut hay mixed with it will make it still more porous in the stomach.

Horse Gossip.

C. O. GILBEY, of Plainwell, Allegan Co., has sold to J. Linton, of Otsego, a bay weanling colt, by President Garfield, dam Virgiline, by Barto.

EGBERT, the intensely inbred son of Hambletonian, who put 17 in the list last season, has now 14 to his credit for 1890. This gives him a total of 37 in the list to date.

A CORRESPONDENT at Owosso calls attention to an error in the pedigree of Idol 44 in our last issue. Volunteer 55, a son of Hambletonian 10, was given as his sire. It should have been Hambletonian 10.

W. H. CLARK & SON, of Mason, this State, have purchased from George M. Webb, of the same place, the filly Fira', by Clothier, dam by Ben Harris. Clothier is a Michigan bred horse, his sire being J. W. Bailey 3457, dam Cora Bell, 2:29¼, by Jo Gavin 564; g. dam, Owosso Belle, by Louis Napoleon 207.

THE annual meeting of the German Hanoverian and Oldenburg Coach-Horse Association was held in Chicago the present month. The President is A. B. Holbert, of Greeley, Iowa, and the Secretary is G. Oltmans, of Watseka, Ill. The association wants to be put on an equal footing with others at the World's Fair in 1893.

AT the annual meeting of the American Suffolk Punch Horse Association the election of officers resulted in the selection of the following: President, Peter Hopley, Lewis, Ia.; Secretary, Alexander Galbraith, Janesville, Wis.; Treasurer, Joseph Watson, Beatrice, Neb.; Board of Directors, Austin Geary, Emporia, Kansas; C. W. Comstock, Lost Nation, Ia.; Joseph Beck, Ont., Can.

THE National Standard Pacing Horse-Breeders' Company (incorporated) announces that it is now in full working order, and Thomas C. Parsons, Register, Cleveland, O., is ready to receive the applications for the registration of pacing-bred horses. But what will be done with a pacing-bred horse that persists in trotting? The dividing line between trotting and pacing is so narrow that horses bred for trotters are likely to pace, and pacing bred ones quite liable to trot.

AT the annual meeting of the Cleveland Bay Horse Association, a portion of the rules governing entries to Vol. II. of the Stud Book, adopted Nov. 14, 1888, was amended so as to read as follows:

Rule 4. Cleveland Bay stallion or mare bred in America by sire and out of dam both recorded in Vol. I. or II. of the American Cleveland Bay Stud Book.

Rule 5. Cleveland Bay stallions having *five* and Cleveland Bay mares having *four* successive crosses by sires recorded in either the Cleveland Bay or Yorkshire Coach-Horse Stud Books of Great Britain or the Cleveland Bay Stud Book of America shall be eligible for record.

AT the American Horse Show, the Paw Paw Cleveland Bay Co., of this State, were the only Michigan parties who made entries. In their class, Cleveland Bays, the competition was very strong. In aged stallions they got third, in aged mares second and third, and in American bred stallions, two years and over, second. For American bred fillies the Company also got second. With the large number of horses exhibited in this class, and generally of a high character, the Company should be satisfied with the record made at the show by their horses.

THE close of the season of 1890, says the *Stock Farm*, shows Lucy, 2:18¼, to have been, all things considered, one of the greatest of producing brood mares. She was not taken from the track until she had become too old to trot, and yet she is the dam of some notable ones. Her daughter Sapphire, produced Nominee, 2:21¾, and Nominator, 2:28¾. Lucia, another daughter, is the dam of Beulah, 2:19¼; Lammermoor, 2:23¾; Edgardo, 2:27½, and Zoe, dam of Trapeze, 2:29½. Inheritor, a son of Lucy that died young, was the sire of Montgomery, 2:21¼, and he in turn is already the sire of one 2:30 performer.

THE American Clydesdale Association met at Chicago during the Horse Show, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, N. P. Clark, St. Cloud, Minn.; Vice-President, John C. Huston, Blandinsville, Ill.; Secretary, Charles F. Mills, Springfield, Ill.; Treasurer, Wm. Moffatt, Paw Paw, Ill.; Executive Committee, Robert Beith, Bowmansville, Ont.; R. B. Ogilvie, Madison, Wis.; Hon. James M. Turner, Lansing, Mich. The The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That whatever premiums are offered by the American Clydesdale Association at the present Horse Show or any subsequent show shall be paid the party winning the same on or before the close of the show for which said premiums are offered.

THE boys are having a great laugh on Papa Wallace, father of the Trotting Register. It is well known that the old gentleman hates thoroughbred blood in a trotting pedigree as the devil does holy water. It so happened that among the 2:30 trotters is one by the thoroughbred stallion Aaron Pennington. Now, in Wallace's list of sires, which is, of course, alphabetically arranged, Aaron Pennington would necessarily come first. When the old gentleman discovered this his cheek blanched. It would never do to have a thoroughbred horse at the head of Wallace's list of trotting sires. Neither would it do to leave him out altogether. But Wallace was equal to the emergency, and Aaron Pennington appears as "Pennington, Aaron," which peculiar classification keeps him a good ways from the head of the list. It was a cute move, after all, and people who know how absolutely rabid Mr. Wallace is on the subject of thoroughbred blood in the trotter will not criticise the old man very much.—*Breeders' Gazette.* Yes, it is a good joke, but is a man who will stoop to such little tricks fit to be trusted to compile records or decide upon pedigrees? Will not this prejudice lead him to ignore facts or distort them when opposed to his theories? Of course it looks like a harmless joke, but it has to do with the cash value of property of horse owners, and such jokes may prove very costly ones.

The Farm.

Going into the Dairy Business.

Now and then we receive personal letters from men and women asking our advice about going into the dairy business. The letters are generally from persons in moderate circumstances who have but little money to spare from their current expenses, and none that they can afford to lose. They have become interested in the subject of dairying through reading *The Bulletin*, have managed to obtain a Jersey or two, and falling in love with them naturally take the fever. We never feel competent to give any positive advice to such persons, because we do not know what manner of man or woman it is who writes. No one who is doing well, who is earning something more than a living with reasonable prospects of continuance or increase, is wise to give up his business, to enter upon any new and untried work, be it ever so fascinating, unless the prospects are extraordinarily inviting.

Dairying is not a simple business. To-day it can not be successfully followed by the rule of thumb. It is the most highly specialized of agricultural pursuits. It involves more details and demands more thought, judgment and skill than any other rural occupation. It is unreasonable, therefore, for any one to hope without any previous knowledge, experience or skill to take it up and make a success of it. It is not a lottery; there are no big finds in it which a lucky man may come upon by chance. It is a plain, every day business, full of much constant painstaking work and no play, and with only moderate profits, at best. On the other hand, it is not a laborious calling, neither is it disagreeable, and its profits, though never large, are quick, constant, and as certain as those of any other business we know of. These facts and conditions are true of dairying, anywhere and everywhere. The variable elements that raise or lower the rates of profits relate to the personal qualifications, aptitude and skill of the individuals, the character of the markets and the qualities of the cows. These are the circumstances that should govern each one in determining the question: Shall I go into the dairy business? A question which each must decide for himself or herself.—*Jersey Bulletin.*

Dairying in California.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* gives an amusing account of dairying as conducted on the Pacific coast:

"The process of milking is a novel one. The milkers are all Chinese, and if there is anything in the world that a Chinaman does not understand how to handle, it is a California cow. Consequently a series of chutes are constructed into which the animals are driven and so closely confined that there is no opportunity for them to stir from a certain position. A rope or rawhide riata is passed about their hind legs, and the animals thus being held immovably in position the milkers are enabled to perform their task by means of an opening in the side of the stall. This may seem a rather primitive plan to the eastern dairyman accustomed to gentle cows, but it is a great improvement upon the old method that still obtains in many parts of the State. This method, the "Spanish style" of milking as it is called, is thus followed:

The cows are never broken to give down their milk without first allowing the calves a share. A calf corral, as it is called, is built by the side of the large milking corral. When a cow is to be milked she is "lassoed" with a riata to a post, and then her calf is let into the corral and allowed to suck until the mother gives down her milk freely. When this point is reached, the calf is dragged away with another riata and turned out on the range. This process is all easy enough until the calves get to be several months old, after which it requires no small amount of strength and patience. Remarkable as it may seem, it is still adhered to on many dairy ranches where hundreds of cows are kept, and it is the exception to see cows thoroughly broken to milking here as they are at the East.

"A peculiarity about dairying here is that all butter is put up with molds into rolls which are nominally two pounds in weight and are sold as such. Really, however, they never exceed 1¾ lbs. and are frequently only 1½ lbs. in weight. These rolls are packed on end in large shallow boxes containing about 100 lbs. each. A large share of the butter used in this city is shipped by steamer from points on the coast, and it is no uncommon sight to see the greater portion of a vessel's cargo made up of boxes of butter. Owing to the cheapness of feed and the absence of any necessity for providing against the long, cold winters of the East, the cares of the California dairyman are lighter and his profits will average larger than those of his eastern confrere."

Bettering the Dairy Business.

At the farmers' institute in session at Utica, N. Y., recently, Dairy Commissioner Geo. A. Smith said:

The dairy farmer says he does not get a sufficient price for his products. Is there any prospect of betterment? Up to the present time the number of boxes of cheese made and sold in the United States is about equal to the products up to the same time last year. We make more cheese than we can use, and I do not see, if we propose to continue under the present status, that there is much of a chance for an increase in price. Much of our cheese is shipped to England, but opposition to our market is growing fast. England is getting cheese from other countries. Canada is developing the industry with remarkable rapidity for the reason that her former industry, the fattening of cattle, has been destroyed by western opposition. New York State dairymen run their business much the same as their grandfathers did, who saved their money by living within themselves. Now we are obliged to buy almost everything, and find the business unprofitable. From 1,285 factories I find that the average cow yields 3,034 pounds of milk per year. Allowing 3,300 pounds to a cow and figure milk at 80 cents per hundred we have $26.40 from each cow per year. It costs $7.50 to pasture a cow, and for hay $20.40. Say that the cow is worth $25. The interest on the investment is $1 50, so there is a total loss of $3 without counting the price of labor or the depreciation in the value of the animals. This is startling, and how can we better the condition of things? If we had kept the cow in the barn, kept her well watered, etc., experiment shows that she would consume only 18 pounds of hay per day. In this way you can figure $2.00 profit per year. It isn't half the cows that give milk enough to pay for what they eat. My advice is to weed out the bad ones. Keep only those that pay for their keeping, and from these raise your dairy. Professor Whitcher, of New Hampshire, has found by experiment in a large dairy that it costs 5.35 cents per quart to make milk from the poorest cow and 1.32 cents per quart from the best ones. Professor Roberts, of Cornell, found that by placing salt where cows could get it when they wanted it he got more milk from them than he did from cows which were salted twice each week. It will pay you to keep your cows well. Give them all the water they want, and see to it that the water is pure. You can't expect good milk if your cows drink stagnant water.

Feeding Rack for Sheep.

It is now the time of year to prepare for the winter housing of sheep. In the colder parts of the country they will require warm sheds with an open southern exposure. Range the sheds around an open yard. In building the sheds allow ten square feet to each animal.

Stewart's "Shepherd's Manual" says a rack for feeding hay or straw to sheep should be three and a half feet high in front, with the slats only three inches apart. These should be made of ash, chestnut or oak strips an inch and a quarter wide by an inch thick. The rack slopes backward at the top three or four inches to prevent hay or clover dust from falling out upon the sheeps' heads.

Sloping boards are fitted at the back of the rack so that as fast as the animals eat the hay in front that above will fall down within their reach. The end of the rack is slatted as well as the front, to keep lambs from burrowing into the straw in the rack and getting lost.

Mr. Stewart would have this kind of rack extend the whole length of the sheep sheds, giving each animal plenty of room. The slats are nailed so close together to prevent the sheep from getting their heads between them and strangling themselves or rubbing the wool off their necks. A tight loft overhead will prevent dust and hayseed from falling into the fleece.

Remedies for the Grub and Wire Worm.

A rotation of crops has a tendency to keep the number of grubs reduced. It is by no means reliable for extermination, as all crops are damaged by them and while there is some prospect of relief being obtained by plowing the ground very late in the fall, yet the experiment has never been tried in a manner to give exact results. The following has proved destructive to grubs and serves for a first class and low cost manure as well:

600 pounds air slaked lime
300 " fine salt.
300 " fine ground phosphate rock.
100 " nitrate of soda.

These should be well mixed together with enough water added to prevent a dust, turned over several times during twenty days; it is then ready to use by applying this quantity to one acre, spread broadcast.—*N. E. Farmer.*

To Prevent Gates from Sagging.

Various expedients are resorted to—such as providing posts of large size, or setting them four feet deep, or surrounding the posts with large stones, &c. One of the easiest and most effectual is to lay short posts or pieces of timber under the ground, with the ends (not the sides) pressing against the post, beating the earth around these short posts. Then the pressure of the post against these short timbers will not move them or slide them endwise. One of the timbers may be two or three feet down, and outside the gate, and the other nearer the surface inside the gate. Being compactly buried they will not rot.—*Country Gentleman.*

Agricultural Items.

LAST year 5,775,691 acres were planted to corn in Kansas, but only 2,934,435 acres were reported as worth cutting, and the total yield is estimated at a little over fifty million bushels.

OVER sixty per cent of the world's product of sugar is made from beets, and 89 per cent of all the beet sugar used is made in Germany. We have as good soil and climate for beet culture in the United States as any portion of the world.

THE Lowell creamery made 63,563¾ pounds of butter this season, and the proprietor paid the farmers who furnished the cream $9,526.78, an average of over 15c. The season's product of the creamery exceeded last year's by about 20,000 pounds.

THE largest pork-packing establishments of Chicago, including Armour & Co., propose to leave that city and establish their business at the southern end of Lake Michigan, in Indiana. They expect a city of 100,000 will grow around their establishments within three years.

THE Vermont Legislature has passed an act prohibiting the manufacture of "any article in imitation or semblance of natural butter or cheese" unless colored pink, and the use of oleo at any public eating house is also prohibited unless it is colored pink. Heavy penalties are imposed for violating the law.

THE *Inter-Ocean* very truly says: "Fancy farmers" are blessings to agriculture. They reach for the best, make experiments, and gradually lead the more practical workers to a realization of the importance of superior stock and better methods. But for the "fancy farmer" many of our best breeds would not now be known, and agriculture would be behind other pursuits.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Swineherd* burns whole corn on the cobs for his swine as follows: He dug a pit, built a fire in it, filled it with corncobs and corn on the cob, and when all are on fire, covers with an iron cover which fits the whole, and covers with dirt round the edges. When the pit is burned out and cooled off there is a quantity of nice charcoal in it which is just the thing to feed the swine and which they will eat with avidity.

A GREAT deal of feed, says Hugh T. Brooks in the *Northwestern Agriculturist*, is wasted by poor racks and mangers that allow half the fodder to fall under foot; and by not having racks to feed in; and by careless handling of the feed. He saw a boy carry hay to a cow: he scattered nearly half of it in the mud. Hay fed to sheep in box-racks should be pressed down with a fork, and not thrown in loose to be pulled out. Over-feeding wastes a good deal of hay; the animals nozzle it over, breathe on it, and make it unpalatable; it is often allowed to remain in the racks and mangers to crowd the new supply out.

THE Mt. Pleasant *Enterprise* says a farmer on the stump lands of Isabella County has summed up the following as his season's work: He has earned a living for a large family cleared up 17 acres of land, and raised the following crops: 400 bushels of ears of corn, 365 bushels of rutabagas, 200 bushels of potatoes, 40 bushels of spring wheat, 10 bushels of beans, 10 of turnips, and 1,000 heads of cabbage. He has fall plowed about 20 acres, and intends to sow it to spring wheat as early next spring as possible. Although stumps are pretty thick, yet, the roots being dead so long, are easily broken, and plowing is much more easily done than in green timber lands.

The Poultry Yard.

Killing and Shipping Poultry.

A correspondent of the *American Cultivator*, in a practical talk on poultry advises: In killing a fowl I would suggest the adoption of one of these two methods: To either open the veins of the neck or bleed by sticking in the mouth. Let the bird bleed freely, or it will lack a bright, healthy appearance. A fowl should never be fed within twelve hours of killing, but if by chance it gets food the crop and intestines should be opened and drawn. In New York dealers never draw the crop or intestines; in Boston markets the operation is imperative. Fowls intended for shipment to Boston should never be scalded. It is a waste of good money, for scalded poultry never brings within five cents per pound as much as dry-picked. The feathers should be immediately removed while the carcass is warm, and the poultry then "plumped" by holding ten seconds in cold water, to remove all dirt and stray feathers after picking. Never use boiling hot water for this purpose, as the process is liable to turn the color of the comb and shrink the eyes and crack the flesh, causing a sickly appearance.

One of the most important things in shipping is to have the animal heat entirely out, as it will keep stock from spoiling while in transit. Boxes holding 100 and 200 pounds are the most popular with the trade and care should be taken to pack snugly. Some shippers use layers of straw alternated with layers of poultry to prevent shifting, but Boston dealers generally prefer poultry packed by itself, excepting perhaps a layer of clean, white paper on the sides and bottom of the package. One kind and quality should be put in a package and the kind marked distinctly upon the cover. It is natural enough for each farmer to believe all of his offerings to be extra prime, but were he to exercise a bit of judgment, and select the choicest specimens and pack them in a separate parcel from the other turkeys or chickens, he would gain money in the end, and greatly assist the city dealer in handling his goods.

A Home Made Brooder.

A good home-made brooder may be constructed by almost any handy man, by covering a frame made 1x3 inch stuff, and about 15x18 inches in size, with tin cut from a five gallon oil can. About one inch beneath tin inside, and in the center of frame, suspend a heat reflector eight inches square for the purpose of evenly distributing the heat. Place this heater so that the top will be on a level with the floor of brooding house, and cover with sand to the depth of half an inch. A cover may be made of a box or a frame covered with burlap, taking care that an opening is left to admit fresh air. Place a lamp underneath the heater, with top of chimney about two inches below reflecting plate, and when the sand feels warm to the hand the chicks may be placed upon it.

Notwithstanding the plate for distributing the heat, the most warmth will be found in the centre. If the temperature is a little too low, the chicks will flock to the centre, and if too high, they will be found around the edges. A little practice will enable one to manage the heat, and with careful attention (which, by the way, cannot be dispensed with by any brooder), the chicks will thrive even better than with a hen. Not more than thirty chicks should be put in a brooder of this size.—*Ex.*

THE Kentucky *Farmers' Home Journal* advises: "To dress ducks for market immerse them, soon after they are dead, in scalding water and see that their feathers are thoroughly wet. Then take them out and wrap in a woolen cloth to hold the steam. After about ten minutes time you can remove the cloth and the down will come off with the feathers. Another way, where the feathers are an object, is to pick them dry and then scald and wrap in the cloth to remove the down."

IN fattening geese and turkeys for market, wheat and barley grain and barley meal are good, but do not use brewers' grain. It has a strong tendency to make the meat oily. This greasy meat is very noticeable in turkeys that have access to beech nuts to any extent. To fatten a turkey for best results, it is not necessary to shut birds in a small pen. The most successful raisers in Vermont almost invariably give their young turkeys a free range up to the day before killing. One of the best diets to grow a young turkey is the grasshoppers eaten in foraging during the day. Turkeys that have roamed at will all summer will at the approach of cool weather stay around the barnyard if properly and abundantly fed. A bird should not be fed for twelve hours previous to killing. If this time is allowed for the free working of the digestive organs, there will be little danger from the entrails giving the flesh an unpleasant taint.—*American Cultivator.*

IT is an error, says Bradstreets, to suppose that eggs have no considerable use except for food. They are employed in calico printing, in photography, in gilding, in clarifying various liquors and in book binding. A large business has sprung up in the preparation of photographic paper with salted albumen, and one establishment alone is said to have used more than 2,000,000 eggs in six months for this purpose. Many attempts have been made to find a vegetable or animal substitute for albumen, but in vain. A prize of $2,000 offered 30 years ago by an English society for the discovery of a material or process for replacing albumen in calico printing still remains untaken. Nor are the yolkes of eggs used in manufacturing wholly wasted. They are also employed in the arts, and a manufacturer in Vienna solidifies them. Possibly, too, the development in canning will before long give us canned eggs, or perhaps condensed eggs suitable at least for cooking. At any rate it would seem worth while to try to raise part of the eggs which are consumed by other countries.

Horticultural.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH ROSE BUGS.

BY PROF. J. B. SMITH, NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

The rose-bug, or more correctly, the rose-chafer, was known as a difficult subject to Harris and Fitch and the entomologists of their day. They gave us a fair life history of the insect, to which Dr. Riley has quite recently added a good description of the larva, with figures, as well as some further biological notes. Each of these authors seems to have been fully aware of the difficulty of dealing with the insect, and the recommendations as to remedies are vague and unsatisfactory. Fitch gives an excellent description of the way in which the invading swarms cover everything, apples and other fruits becoming so covered that a mere mass of yellow sprawling beetles indicates that here probably is a fruit.

Southern New Jersey has been invaded for several years past, which cleared out the grape crops so completely year after year, that many vineyards have been taken out and others will be abandoned unless some practical remedy is found. With the view of testing the value of the published methods I spent some days in the invaded districts. I found that, as a rule, the insects did not breed in cultivated land, but that, on the other hand, the entire sand region is a vast breeding ground, purpe being found even at the very sea-shore. From these breeding places the insects emerge and fly about, searching for food, the winds apparently influencing their direction to some extent. Vineyards are therefore generally invaded from the edges, newly-arriving hordes ever advancing farther. They are not at all dainty in food habits, but do show some preferences. Sumach is readily eaten; apples and cherries are tidbits; sour gum attracts them by the million; holly-hocks are eaten, stems and all; roses are high favorites, while the peach is not so much liked. In fact, there is scarcely a plant they will not eat, though flowers and some fruits are always preferred. A field of blackberries at Colonel Pearson's place was swarming with them, and the Colonel told me that last year his strawberry patch looked yellow where red ought to have been seen.

Pyrethrum has been highly recommended for these insects. I tried it first at the rate of one ounce to one gallon. It acted in about ten minutes, the majority of beetles tumbling from the blackberry bushes to the ground. Only a few, however, were really stupefied, and most of them began crawling back upon the plants immediately, where, as soon as the sun dried them, they fed as freely as before. Then I increased the dose to one-fourth of a pound to a gallon of water. The effect was more prompt, the resulting stupor more lasting, but half an hour later all were again feeding on blossoms that were yellow with pyrethrum. The insects will live for an hour or two in pure powder, and recover when removed from it. Tobacco gives an added relish to the plants upon which it is applied. Sprayed on at the rate of a pound to the gallon, the powder being added to the decoction, the beetles never stopped eating. London purple, applied as strong as the grape would bear, did not prevent the destruction of the blossoms, but left a sprinkling of dead beetles on the ground. Powdered napthaline, pure, and mixed with carbonate of lime, was dusted over a row of vines with the most approved appliance, so as to leave the vines white. This had not the slightest effect, so far as the blossoms are concerned, and the leaves were eaten from below instead of from above. Carbolated lime was equally ineffective, as was also the pure hydrate of lime, which is better than air-slaked lime as a rule. Hellebore applied pure is equally ineffective. Mrs. Treat showed me some foxgloves in her garden, each plant surrounded by dead rose-bugs. Colonel Pearson thereupon made an infusion of leaves, which was ineffective, while I fed a lot of the beetles for a week upon roses which were soaked in a saturated solution of digitaline. Quassia is useless, and so were all the copper compounds, the saturated solution of lime, the iron solutions, the kerosene emulsion; and, in fact, everything else that was applied. All this goes to show what a tough subject we have to deal with. Corrosive sublimate will kill him readily, but unfortunately kills the plant as well. A sludge-oil soap, obtained too late to test thoroughly, kills the beetles without injuring the plants. It is probable that in this we have a good remedy for the *Macrodactylus* if it can be made cheap enough.

Of the mechanical means tried, an umbrella, with a sack attached, into which the beetles were jarred, proved satisfactory, and this can be used at all times of the day, since the beetles cannot fly out of a sack as they could off a sheet or from the ground.

My conclusions are that the only way to save a crop of grapes is to plant spiræa, roses, or blackberries between some rows of the vineyard, and, by persistent collecting, keep these plants free and attractive. How persistent one must be is shown by the fact that though Colonel Pearson one year went over his vineyard once a day killing beetles, yet they destroyed his grapes almost completely. This year, though he daily cleared his rose-bushes by applying the sludge-oil soap, yet every bud was eaten.

The Clintons, many of them, bloom and set before the rose-bug arrives in force; they are generally safe, since the beetles prefer the foliage of the grape. The Concord buds are just right for the insects, and they go completely. The Concord foliage is not relished, and only the upper surface is eaten. Very late-blooming varieties are also fairly safe, and this indicates another method of dealing with this pest, *i. e.*, plant very early or very late blooming varieties, while supplying something for the insects to eat. I may say that the suggestion that spiræa be planted as an attraction is Mr. Fuller's, and he reports that he saves his grapes in this way.

There is one glimmer of hope ahead. Indications of a decrease in the number of the insects are observed, and natural means may end the invasion. Some eighteen or twenty years ago there was a similar invasion lasting four or five years. The present flood began about four years ago, and in some places is undoubtedly on the decrease. Colonel Pearson did not suffer nearly as much this season as he did last season, and others have made the same statement.—*Garden and Forest.*

The Effect of Grafting or Transplanting on Fruit Trees.

The *Horticultural* (Eng.) *Times* says: Nature's one great aim is the reproduction of the species. We take an apple pip and sow it, and if it is never transplanted or interfered with in any way, in all probability it will be growing for from seven to ten years, before our eyes are gratified by seeing fruit upon it, and probably another five years might be added to its life before anything like a paying crop would be borne by that tree. But take a "scion" or cutting from it and graft it upon another root, and the time of fruit production may be shortened considerably. The reason, we think (at least such is our theory), is this: The seedling untouched had in it all the elements of a long life, but so soon as it is either transplanted or cold steel is brought to bear upon it, it is to some extent placed in jeopardy of its life, and so it at once commences to try and reproduce its species by seed bearing; and so by transplanting and grafting we cause the tree by some unexplained law of nature to yield us fruit sooner than it otherwise would do if left to itself. We have not the slightest doubt that all transplanting and grafting has in it a certain element of weakness. It is in short a shock given to the system of the tree operated upon, and we are of the opinion that a grafted tree has not so long a life before it as has the untouched seedling, and so it makes haste to be fruitful that its species may remain upon the earth. An apple or pear grafted upon healthy free stock is enabled to grow away and make a large tree, and although we have no doubt that the seedling tree would outlive even these by many years, yet if we may so put it the shock is of a mild nature, and although the grafted tree will come into bearing sooner than the seedling, yet owing to the mildness of the shock and the probable long life before it, it is in no hurry to produce its species or fruit, and the fruit-grower, who cares not a jot for the seed, but who is in a hurry to get its pulpy envelope, casts about for a means (unconsciously) by which he may give the fruit trees a greater shock, and so make them yield up the fruit the sooner. This was accomplished in the case of the apple by the use as a stock or root of what is known as the "paradise" stock. The name paradise is really only a sort of arbitrary one; as a fact, quite a variety of root stocks are used for the purpose, and are called "paradise." Perhaps the most dwarfing of all is that known as the *Doucin* or French paradise. Trees worked upon this stock are only suitable to pot culture, or very miniature fruit gardens. Care must be taken when purchasing trees for commercial fruit growing, that they have none of it. All of our nurserymen are not agreed as to which is really the best stock to use as a paradise. Mr. Rivers, we believe, is in favor of the *Nonsuch* stock, *i. e.*, seedlings from the *Nonsuch* apple. We have seen very fruitful trees upon this stock. On the other hand, Messrs. Cheal and Sons, of Crawley, and we believe also Mr. Geo. Bunyard, of Maidstone, prefer what is known as the broad-leaved paradise, *Malus præcox*, as being the most suitable. We have no doubt that in some measure this divergence of opinion can be traced, or is traceable to the varying character of the soils upon which these gentlemen operate; for ourselves we scarcely know which we should choose, as we have had trees upon each which seemed to be at home, and in which scarce any difference could be discerned, but perhaps for the coldest of soils we should give the preference to the broad leaved. These stocks, by restricting the flow of sap to the apple grafted upon them, cause the trees to become very early fruitful, often fruiting the first year, as maidens. By this system the life of the tree is much shortened, and so it becomes early fruitful. Apple trees upon the paradise then are the trees which will yield the quickest return for the capital invested, and we have not the slightest doubt that they will be planted by millions in this country presently. The form of tree we prefer for fruit growing for market is the bush, although this stock is just as suited for a true pyramid, only, as we have before explained, the bush can be made quickest, also requiring less skill in its pruning.

Blackberries.

It appears that the blackberry did unusually well the past season in England as well as in this country. It is doubtful whether they have made such improvements in the berry as we have. A writer in the *Garden* talks as follows: Never has there been a finer time than we have experienced this year for the ripening of blackberries, and never have they been in greater demand. Jam appears to have become so much of a necessity that it must be made from something, and Damsons and plums being so scarce, there has been such a demand for blackberries that they have been making as much as 12s. per bu. In this neighborhood, where they are plentiful, the hedgerows have been gone over again and again, not only by residents anxious to fill up the gap in the jam cupboard, but also by men who have taken away large quantities to popular districts, where apparently they have found a ready sale. The question of blackberry culture for profit has frequently been discussed in gardening papers, and there is no doubt that if the fruit in a general way was only one-third as valuable as this year, blackberry growing would be as profitable as any other branch of hardy fruit culture. It may be said why cultivate a fruit that is produced abundantly in a wild state when there are more valuable crops to occupy the land with? But one thing in favor of the blackberry is that it never fails to fruit; whereas other hardy fruits cannot be depended on to do so. Blackberries bloom so late that the flowers are never injured by frost, and the plant is not liable to disease of any kind. Whether the same can be said of the American varieties I do not know, but they do not seem to have met with much appreciation from English fruit-growers, although in some places they grow and fruit very well. If we could get a blackberry as hardy and fruitful as our own native kinds, and that would be as indifferent to soil and situation, there would naturally be a greater inducement to cultivate this fruit for jam making and other purposes. I should never advise giving up to blackberries land naturally adapted to fruits or other things of a more valuable nature, but there are thousands of acres at the present time that do not return a shilling an acre annually to the owners. It seems a pity that so much land that would produce fruit of some kind should remain in a more or less barren condition. In some years blackberries might be scarcely worth gathering, but this is the case occasionally with some of our cultivated fruits, and when, as not infrequently happens, plums and Damsons fail, a few acres of blackberries would be worth money. My impression is that there will be an increasing demand for this fruit.

Pruning Fruit Trees.

No time of the year is more suitable for the pruning of fruit trees than directly after the fall of the leaf. Where summer pruning has been judiciously performed very little will be required to be removed. The summer pruning of apples and pears is intended to obviate the barbarous system of mutilating the trees once a year—viz., in the winter. There are very few gardeners who leave the pruning of fruit trees until late in the winter, because besides being a very uncomfortable operation then, late pruning has a detrimental effect upon both trees and crops. The pruning of fruit trees, principally apples and pears, consists in removing all portions of the shoots that are not wanted, so that the tree may throw its strength into developing the shoots you wish to remain. If the spurs of the tree have been duly pinched in the summer, another growth from each portion that was left has been formed, and it will therefore be necessary to cut the portion that was left in the summer to within one or two eyes of the preceding year's growth, according to fancy or strength of the respective buds. Instructions for pruning young trees were given very fully some months back, but as the season is now returning we shall shortly recall the principal considerations to be borne in mind. Gooseberry and black currant shoots should be thinned out when required, and red currants should be spurred. Some cherries require spur-pruning, but the morello does better on walls if the young shoots are laid on annually and some of the older branches cut out.—*Hort.* (Eng.) *Times.*

How to Plant Currant Bushes.

There is plenty of good advice given in our horticultural journals in reference to almost every fruit but the currant—the advice being as varied as the experiences of the individuals, but this fruit, which when well grown is as healthful and useful as any, is usually mentioned only in connection with the destruction of the worm by hellebore. A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* instructs us as to the setting out of plantations as follows:

I notice the question "Will it do to divide old currant bushes when removing them?" answered in the affirmative. My experience says—a little too emphatically—that if the main stem is split in this operation a poor lop-sided bush will be the result, as no root ever grows from the split side. What may be done is this: All the new wood growing from the main stem may be pulled off and planted, and as these shoots will have a few roots will soon grow into nice bushes. The old stems had better be thrown over the fence, as by the time they are ready to bear the wood will have become old and hidebound, and the fruit will be poor and small.

I should like to have the opinion of currant growers upon the subject of planting bushes. The general instruction one receives with all kinds of fruit trees when purchasing is: "Plant no deeper than they stood in nursery." Now if the bushes are to be kept on one stem that is all right, as I find that very little new wood grows from roots but from the buried stem. Hence, if it be necessary to grow five or six stems from the ground, and to renew these every two and three years as they become old and hidebound, and the borer has worked his sweet will upon them, it is necessary to plant the stem wholly below the surface or right down to the limbs. This is what my limited experience suggests, but as I am only a novice, I may be mistaken. If so, I should like to know it, as I have some two thousand to plant in the spring. My fall planting has all been done deep.

Bushes planted four years, with just the roots below the surface, are now getting old and black, and not a sucker has come forward to take the place of this old wood, while those accidentally planted deeper have thrown up abundance of new wood.

About Growing Strawberries.

The following are the results of some recent experiments at the Ohio Station: If we separate varieties of strawberries into two classes, viz, those that continue a long time in bearing and those that have a short season, we find the most prolific fall into the first class, while those that give small crops continue but a short time in bearing. In other words, those that give the greatest number of pickings during the season, produce the largest crops.

It might seem that the aggregate crop would depend as much or more, upon the quantity of fruit ripe at each picking, than upon the number of pickings. It would also seem that the varieties that ripen slowly and continue a long time in bearing, would be more in danger of dry weather than those that yield their crop in short time, but such does not appear to be the fact.

It is commonly remarked by growers that when the strawberry season is long the crop is greater than when the time of ripening extends over a short period. To cut off two or three pickings is to reduce the crop by about that quantity. The same is essentially true of varieties. A variety that gives three pickings during the season will yield about half the crop of one that gives six. This ratio may not be exact, but such a relation between the number of pickings, or length of season and total product exists. All things considered, the long-season varieties are surer and more profitable than those that continue but a short time in bearing.

Nearly all of the early varieties continue but a short time in bearing, yield but few pickings, and give short crops. The same is true, in a more marked degree, of the extreme late sorts. They commence to ripen late, but hold out little, if any longer, than the medium varieties. The second early, or medium varieties, usually give more pickings during the season, continue longer in bearing, than the extreme early and late sorts, hence give a greater total yield.

Those varieties of strawberries that produce pollen and berries also, are at a disadvantage as compared with those that produce berries only. Division of labor counts here as elsewhere. Give a plant nothing to do but to grow and bear fruit and the work will be better done than if an additional task is imposed. To produce pollen taxes the energies of the plant much more than is commonly supposed. Many growers think it would be desirable to have varieties with perfect blossoms only to save trouble of planting the two classes. Theory disproves this plan, and careful observations show that, in general, the most prolific sorts are those that have imperfect flowers. There is more truth in the above now, than there was a generation ago, when the Wilson was in its prime.

It should be understood that these statements refer to the leading varieties that are more generally grown. There are some apparent exceptions even with these, and still more if all known varieties are included. Concerning the varieties that are worth considering, the general statements made above will hold good. These generalizations are not only useful in determining the value of varieties in a comparatively short time, but may also serve as guides in future work. Much valuable time has been lost because these principles have been ignored.

Celery Leaf Blight.

This disease has become quite common in almost every section of the United States. Its presence is shown by yellowish-green irregular patches upon the foliage. These spots shortly turn to a brown color, and finally the entire leaf, in the worst cases, droops, dries up and dies. If one of the diseased patches was examined under the microscope, says Prof. Byron D. Halstead in *Garden and Forest*, it would be found that small brown tufts of minute filaments protrude from nearly every one of the thousands of breathing pores in each square inch of the epidermis. Upon the tips of the threads constituting the tuft are borne long, slender spores, which fall away when ripe, and are carried about by the winds when dry and by the rains during wet weather. As the feeding threads of the fungus are throughout the substance of the infested plant before they come to the surface to bear their spores, it is useless to try and effect a cure of foliage already badly infested. The most natural way to do is to pick off the worse than worthless leaves and burn them. This will do something to keep the trouble in check. In the second place, some substance can be placed upon the diseased parts to kill the spores, and at the same time upon the healthy plants or parts of plants to prevent the germination of the spores that may lodge there. From the nature of the trouble and a knowledge of what certain chemicals have done with other parasitic fungi, it is reasonable to conclude that the compound of cubic carbonate in ammonia would prove a great assistance in ridding truck-farms of this serious pest. The formula for the grape-rot found most effective is, three ounces of the copper carbonate in one quart of ammonia and diluted to twenty-two gallons with water. It is a well known fact that some varieties of celery are less susceptible than others—the White Plume has an excellent record, as being comparatively free from disease.

Unfermented Grape Juice that will Keep.

The grapes are picked when they are well ripened, and the juice expressed and bottled as soon as possible afterward.

The bottles are filled brimful, and placed up to their necks in the vats of hot water within ten degrees of the boiling point. When the must is as hot as the water, the cork is forced into the bottle, expelling a portion of the liquid. If the least measure of air is left between the cork and the liquid, the oxygen contained in the air will set the saccharine matter in the wine in motion, and fermentation will ensue.

When the cork is forced into the bottle the liquid is in a state of expansion from the heat. As it cools, it contracts, leaving a vacancy between the cork and the liquid. But the vacancy must not be an atmospheric chamber. The cork must, of course, be thoroughly air tight. If fermentation does set in, it may be driven off by re-heating the wine. The bottles are then laid on their sides in a cool place, and the organic foreign substances must be allowed to settle, so that the liquid may become clear.

The settling may occupy whatever period the manufacturer chooses. Sufficient time should, however, be given. But it can lie six months or a year without damage. At the end of the settling period it is decanted into other bottles, the sediment being left behind. These bottles must be brimful, and corked in precisely the same manner, using sealing wax to exclude the air. The wine is then left to cool in the ordinary way, and must be kept in a cool place.

It is now ready for use, and will keep as long as it is kept free from contact with the atmosphere. It forms a delightful beverage, entirely free from alcohol, and is valuable for invalids and children.—*From address of E. Hulse before the Victorian Commission of Australia.*

What Did It?

Some years ago I read an account of an experiment on a grape vine. The surface soil was removed from the roots, leaving them barely covered. The vine bore abundantly of extra delicious fruit. I kept this experiment in mind. Having a row of pear trees which formerly stood on the edge of my garden, but prior to last spring for a few years had stood on the edge of the mowing, caused by the determined encroachment of witch grass, I concluded to "doctor" them up by root exposure, as they had given me but small returns in fruit though they had grown well. Last fall when I plowed my garden, I ran a large plow along side the trees, turning a furrow from six to eight inches deep. Last spring I cut the turf in squares and put in large piles away from the trees, manuring the garden as usual, but putting no more about the trees. The only extra care I gave them was to head in the top branches when I discovered they were shooting rapidly upward, also a spraying at the same time as my apple trees. I have just gathered an abundant crop of very nice pears, much larger and handsomer than ever before. The trees have grown vigorously and carry a very heavy foliage.

For some years I had wished to plow my orchard but did not get to it till last spring. I took advantage of the early pleasant weather and gave it a most thorough overturning, the plow going to the roots without doing them injury. The turf lay for some weeks without being harrowed, letting the sun, the air and the warm rains almost directly upon the roots. It was finally thoroughly harrowed and sown to buckwheat, which I have just recently mowed and used as mulch. I gave the trees a thorough spraying twice. They are headed with exceptionally large and fine fruit. The blossoms were no more abundant than in neighboring orchards, where there is but little fruit seen. The foliage is very heavy and has a very healthy appearance. Somehow it is getting into my mind that if the turf is taken from under old trees as far out as the branches go the trees will revive and take new lease of life. It may be that the thorough pruning I gave my apple trees last winter and spring had something to do with keeping the fruit from falling. But one other orchard that I am acquainted with is in full bearing, and that is a kind of garden orchard treated to a liberal manuring. The fruit in all other cases has fallen.

My theory is that my treatment of my trees made them more vigorous after the fruit has set, and consequently the apples staid on. At any rate they show a great deal of vigor at the present time, there being a heavy crop of nice fruit, very heavy foliage and an unusually large growth on the ends of the branches. There is one fact, however, which puzzles me, and that is what I have noticed before; that the trees in bearing show more growth at the end of the limb than those that bore heavily last year and are bearing this. If the tree needs more feed when in bearing than when barren, why this extra growth of wood? I am very much pleased with the results of spraying, and in the future shall consider it as essential to spray as to fertilize.—*Z. Breed, in Germantown Telegraph.*

If your house is on fire you put water on the burning timbers, not on the smoke. And if you have catarrh you should attack the disease in the blood, not in your nose. To do this, take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, which permanently cures catarrh.

Horticultural Items.

THE borer which attacks the currant stems may be kept in subjection by cutting and burning all the infected stems. In stems that cannot be spared, go for the borer with a knitting-needle.

LORD SUDELEY, of England, has a fruit farm of 500 acres, the product of which was this year sold for £10,000. Five hundred tons of fruit were grown, of which 150 tons were plums, which averaged £30 per ton.

AT the annual prize exhibition of winter fruits and vegetables by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, a specimen pear was exhibited which was 12½ inches in circumference and weighed 21½ ounces. It was sold after the exhibition for half a dollar.

SINCE the introduction of the tomato no vegetable has so rapidly changed its position from a luxury, cared for by a few, to a necessity, eaten by everybody, as celery has done. Its production is constantly increasing, and yet the consumption seems to keep pace with it.

YOUNG trees, especially if late set, should be staked to prevent their being broken off by the winds, or made to lean over. Wind the trunk with some old cloth, so that the band will not chafe it. This must be looked after in the spring, to see it does not become a harbor for insects.

EVERYBODY seems to have a good word for Henderson's bush Lima bean. It is recommended as very prolific and almost two weeks earlier than the pole Limas. The crop is continuous through the season, and though the beans are smaller their abundance renders them profitable.

THE finest specimen of the Mrs. Alphens Hardy chrysanthemum ever grown and exhibited was seen at the chrysanthemum show of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. It had 300 blossoms, the beauty of the plant being enhanced by the luxuriant foliage which beautifully set off the pure white of the flowers.

THE largest bearing apple orchard in the United States is in Leavenworth, Kansas, and comprises 437 acres of bearing trees. This year the yield was 79,170 bushels, the gross receipts being $50,000. Yet nearly $100 was cleared off each acre. The owner considers the Missouri Pippin the best paying apple in the orchard, the Ben Davis next and the Jonathan third. He has recently set an 800-acre orchard in Osage Co.

THE craze for new and untried fruits, says D. S. Grimes, is ruining the market value of many orchards. The commercial value of fruits, like the commercial credit and standing of business men, has a record open to all who may take the pains to examine it. The value of fruits in all local markets can be learned from commission merchants who handle fruits in large quantities, and know what varieties the public calls for the most. The hardiness and adaptation of these varieties can be determined from the practical experience of intelligent planters who have been successful in fruit culture. The advice of such men will not mislead or deceive those seeking reliable information on the subject.

WABASH RAILROAD—City Freight Office 9 Fort Street West. Passenger station foot of Twelfth St. Try the Wabash Short Line Chicago and the West. Standard time.

Depart.		Arrive
*8:25 a.m.	..Wabash Western Flyer....	*6:45 p.m
§1:50 p.m.	.....Chicago Limited.....	§11:20 p.m
§1:55 p.m.	St. Louis Limited Express.	§9:35 a.m
§4:00 p.m.	Adrian & Butler Accommodation.....	
§9:00 p.m.	.....Chicago Express.....	§6:15 a.m
§9:50 p.m.	St. Louis and Western Express.....	§11:30 p.m

§Daily. *Except Sunday. ‡Except Monday.

Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee.

Depot foot of Brush Street. Trains run by Central Standard time. October 13, 1890.

	Depart.	Arrive.
*Grand Rapids and Muskegon	6:50 a m	*9:50 p.m
*Through Mail & Chicago	11:00 a m	*4:05 p m
Grand Rapids Express...	4:30 p m	*11:55 a.m
†Chicago Ex. with sleep'r	8:00 p m	†7:45 a.m
†Night Ex. with sleeper..	10:30 p m	†7:20 a.m

* Daily, Sundays excepted. † Daily.

Trains leaving Detroit at 6:50 and 11:00 a m, 4:30 and 8:00 p m connect at Durand with trains on Chicago & Grand Trunk R'y for Chicago and the west.

Morning express has elegant parlor cars to Grand Rapids.

Grand Rapids express has Wagner parlor buffet car to Grand Haven.

Chicago express has Pullman sleeper and Buffet car Detroit to Chicago daily.

Night express has sleeper to Grand Rapids daily.

Sleeping car berths can be secured at G. T. R. Ticket office, Corner Woodward and Jefferson Avenues, and at Depot foot of Brush Street.

W. J. SPICER, General Manager, Detroit. E. J. PIERCE, City P. & T. Agent, Detroit.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAYNE, } ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Wayne, held at the Probate office, in the City of Detroit, on the tenth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

Present—Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of James G. W. Sylvester, deceased. An instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, having been delivered into this court for probate; and Edith F. Silvester having filed therewith her petition, praying that administration with the will annexed of the said estate may be granted to her, it is ordered, that the ninth day of December, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Court, be appointed for proving said instrument and hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the MICHIGAN FARMER, a newspaper printed and circulating in said Wayne County.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.) HOMER A. FLINT, Register. n15-3t

MICHIGAN FARMER

—AND—

STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

GIBBONS BROTHERS,

—SUCCESSORS TO—

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers,

Nos. 40 and 42 West Larned St.,

DETROIT, MICH.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Subscribers wishing the address of the FARMER changed must give us the name of the Postoffice to which the paper is now being sent as well the one they wish to have it sent to. In writing for a change of address all that is necessary to say is: Change the address on MICHIGAN FARMER from —— Postoffice to —— Postoffice. Sign your name in full.

MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE

DETROIT, SATURDAY, NOV. 29, 1890.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post-office as second class matter.

TO OUR READERS.

We want to add 10,000 new names to our subscription list the coming year. With a little assistance from our present subscribers this can be done. All that is necessary is that when you are renewing your own subscription you make it a point to send in at least one new name. To those doing this we will send a free copy of Fanny Field's pamphlet, "Practical Turkey Raising for Market and for Profit," which everybody engaged in turkey raising ought to have, and a new beginner in the business cannot afford to be without. Further than this we will send the FARMER for the balance of this year free to all new subscribers.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 30,419 bu., against 43,070 bu. the previous week, and 91,505 bu. for corresponding week in 1889. Shipments for the week were 79,077 bu., against 113,150 bu. the previous week, and 15,552 bu. the corresponding week last year. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 269,673 bu., against 322,853 bu. last week, and 331,330 bu. at the corresponding date in 1889. The visible supply of this grain on Nov. 22, was 24,189,819 bu. against 23,197,212 bu. the previous week, and 30,124,056 bu. for the corresponding week in 1889. This shows an increase from the amount reported the previous week of 992,607 bushels. As compared with a year ago the visible supply shows a decrease of 5,934,237 bu.

The market has ruled quiet all week, trade being disturbed by the continued reports of failures among stock speculators and private bankers, which have a tendency to weaken values and put an end to speculative dealings. No one wishes to buy at present with a view to holding for a rise, and yet many dealers feel satisfied that values are below their normal gauge. When business in other lines steadies down, and confidence in the ultimate value of stocks and bonds begins to move upward. Yesterday Chicago, New York and St. Louis were all lower, and this will likely continue until the end of the month.

The following table exhibits the daily closing sales of Spot wheat in this market from Nov. 1 to Nov. 28, inclusive:

	No. 1 White.	No. 2 Red.	No. 3 Red.
Nov. 1	98½	1 01½	94½
" 3	98¼	1 00½	....
" 4	....	....	....
" 5	97¾	1 00	94
" 6	97½	99¾	....
" 7	97	93	92½
" 8	96	98½	93
" 10	95¾	97½	93
" 11	95¾	97½	93
" 12	95¾	98	93
" 13	95	93	93
" 14	92	94	89
" 15	91¼	91¾	....
" 17	91½	93	88
" 18	91½	9[illegible]¾	....
" 19	89½	89¼	87¾
" 20	90¼	90¾	87
" 21	91¾	93	88
" 22	92	93½	88
" 24	93	95	89¾
" 25	94¼	95	91½
" 26	93	94½	91½
" 27	....	....	....
" 28	94	95¼	90

No. 2 white sold at 90c, No. 3 white at 82c.

The following is a record of the closing prices on the various deals in futures each day during the past week:

	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	May.
Saturday	94½	95	....	1 02
Monday	....	96¼	....	1 03¾
Tuesday	95	95	....	1 02
Wednesday	95¾	96¼	....	1 03½
Thursday	....	....	....	....
Friday	....	95¾	....	1 02¾

Advices from Liverpool say that stocks of wheat in first hands in the United Kingdom are expected to steadily decrease, and at the end of the year to be smaller than at any corresponding time since 1881, when they were 1,550,000 quarters.

Beerbohm says that wheat and flour on passage decreased 336,000 bu. during the past week. It had generally been expected that there would be an increase.

The *Mark Lane Express*, of Monday last, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says:

"English wheats are steady at a fractional rise for fine whites. In foreign wheats Russian and American are 6d cheaper. Indian is firm. The decline in grain in America would have similarly depressed prices here but for the rise in freights. Barley, rye and peas are quiet. American corn is 5d per ton dearer. European is unchanged. At to-day's markets English wheats were slow of sale. Foreign dropped 6d. Flour, especially American, was firm and with an upward tendency. American corn was steady. Oats were firm. Rye was 3d dearer. Beans and peas were firm."

The Minneapolis *Market Record* sums up the situation in the wheat market as follows: "Because wheat is not so high as it was early in the crop season, and because it fell most when the eastern money scare was greatest, the common belief is that the break is due to the latter. The latter hastened the downward trend in wheat and flour, but the real cause of the decline is back of the money scare and rests on the fact that our prices were above the prices our neighbors would sell their surplus at. We reckoned too strongly on domestic absorption taking up our offerings with surplus still on hand. The latter is smaller than usual, but such as it is it must have a place before there can be perfect security against its demoralizing influence in times of depression from other causes." "Our neighbors" include Russia and India.

The following table shows the quantity of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in the United States, Canada, and on passage to Great Britain and the Continent of Europe:

	Bushels.
Visible supply	22,699,747
On passage for United Kingdom	14,336,000
On passage for Continent of Europe	5,216,000
Total bushels Nov. 8, 1890	42,251,747
Total previous week	38,899,381
Total two weeks ago	39,027,025
Total Nov. 2 1889	44,754,259

The estimated receipts of foreign and home-grown wheat in the English markets during the week ending Nov. 15 were 168,400 bu. more than the estimated consumption; and for the eight weeks ending Nov. 1, the receipts are estimated to have been 10,017,584 bu. more than the consumption. The receipts show an increase for those eight weeks of 4,392,456 bu. as compared with the corresponding eight weeks in 1889.

Shipments of wheat from India for the week ending Nov. 15, 1890, as per special cable to the New York Produce Exchange, aggregated 720,000 bu., of which 520,000 bu. were for the United Kingdom and 200,000 for the Continent. The shipments for the previous week, as cabled, amounted to 400,000 bu., of which 400,000 bu. went to the United Kingdom, and none to the Continent. The shipments from that country from April 1, the beginning of the crop year, to Nov. 15, aggregate 16,740,000 bu., of which 11,600,000 bu. went to the United Kingdom, and 5,200,000 bu. to the Continent. For the corresponding period in 1889 the shipments were 16,800,000 bu. The wheat on passage from India Nov. 4 was estimated at 1,688,000 bu. One year ago the quantity was 1,544,000 bu.

The Liverpool market on Thursday was quoted quiet, with light demand. Quotations for American wheat were as follows: No. 2 red winter, 7s. 4½d. per cental. No. 2 spring, 7s. 7d.; California Club, 7s. 6½d. per cental. These prices are all ½d. (1c.) higher than a week ago.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 47,981 bu. against 24,140 bu. the previous week, and 19,764 bu. for the corresponding week in 1889. Shipments for the week were 24,119 bu. against 26,373 bu. the previous week, and 7,575 bu. for the corresponding week in 1889. The visible supply of corn in the country on Nov. 22d amounted to 4,328,559 bu., against 5,658,607 bu. the previous week, and 6,100,154 bu. at the same date in 1889. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week indicated of 1,330,048 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 26,430 bu. against 19,254 bu. last week, and 9,240 bu. at the corresponding date in 1889. Corn shows a strong advance during the week, and while the market rather eased off yesterday, it is steady at current values. For No. 2 54c is the quotation, with sales yesterday at 54¼ and 54c; No. 3 is quoted at 51½c, No. 2 yellow at 56c, and No. 3 yellow at 54½c. In futures No. 2 for December is quoted at 53½c, January at same figures, and May at 54¾c. At Chicago yesterday corn dropped 1⅛c, and closed dull, May futures closed at 53⅜c.

The Liverpool market yesterday was quoted steady with fair demand. Quotations were as follows: Spot, 5s. 1½d.; November, 5s. 0¾d.; December, 5s. 1d., and January, 5s. 1½d.

OATS.

The receipts at this point for the week were 45,357 bu., against 36,721 bu. the previous week, and 64,613 bu. for the corresponding week last year. The shipments for the week were 9,305 bu. against 24,795 bu. the previous week and none the same week in 1889. The visible supply of this grain on November 22d was 3,530,286 bu., against 3,971,285 bu. the previous week, and 5,904,713 bu. at the corresponding date in 1889. The visible supply shows a decrease of 440,999 bu. for the week indicated. Stocks held in store here amount to 23,230 bu., against 10,278 bu. the previous week, and 120,289 bu. the corresponding week in 1889. Oats hold very steady, and the tendency is strongly toward a higher range of values. If there was more strength in wheat oats would certainly advance. Of course the high average of prices curtails consumption materially, but the amount of this grain used for food is growing rapidly from year to year. The stock breeder, too, feeds more of it yearly, as he finds it a safer if not a cheaper feed than corn. The mass of farmers who keep stock in this State never sell oats. They are consumed on the farm. No. 2 white sold yesterday at 48⅜c, light mixed at 48c, and No. 2 mixed at 48c. No sales for future delivery were made. At Chicago there was a decline of ½c yesterday, No. 2 mixed selling at 43¾@44c for spot, 43½c for December delivery, and 45¾@45⅞c for May. The New York market also declined ¼@½c yesterday, closing quiet, No. 2 mixed for December closed at 50c, and for May at 51⅞c per bu.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

The market occupies a strong and unchanged position at about the same range as reported a week ago. Dairy of good quality is in demand at a range of 18@20c for good to choice, and small lots of extra would probably command 21c. When the lower grades are reached, however, no one wants them, and they are very difficult to move at any price. In creamery dealers report a very satisfactory market at a range of 22@26c, according to quality. At Chicago the market was rather weak, but at the same time there was little accumulation of stock of desirable butter and a fair aggregate business was the rule in creameries and dairies. Quotations there were as follows: Fancy separator goods, 27½@28c; fine, 24@25c; fair to good, 22@24c; fancy dairies, 23@24c; medium to good, 19@23c; roll butter, 15@18c; packing stock, fresh, 10@12½c; old, 6@8c. The New York market rules quiet and steady, with supply and demand very easily adjusted, especially on the finer grades. Choice western creamery is very firm. Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

EASTERN STOCK.

Creamery, State pails, best	25	@26
Creamery, State tubs, extra		@26
Creamery, State and Penn., seconds to firsts	21	@24
Creamery, State, summer-made firkins	21	@22
Creamery, Penn., best		@27
State dairy, half-firkin tubs and pails extras	25	@26
State dairy, half-firkin tubs, fall ends, extra	24	@25
State dairy, half-firkin tubs and pails		
State firsts	22	@23
State dairy, half-firkin tubs and pails, seconds	19	@21
State dairy, tubs, thirds	16	@18
Entire dairies, extras	23	@23½
Entire dairies, firsts	21	@22
Entire dairie, seconds	18	@20
State dairy, firkins, extras		@2[illegible]
State dairy, firkins, seconds to firsts	18	@21

WESTERN STOCK.

Creamery, Elgin, extra		@29
Creamery, other Western, extras	27½	@28
Creamery, Western, average firsts	25	@26½
Creamery, Western, seconds	23	@24
Creamery, Western, thirds	20	@22
Creamery, Western, fourths	15	@17
Creamery, Western, June, extras		@22
Creamery, Western, June, firsts	20	@21
Creamery Western, June, seconds	18	@19
Western imitation creamery, firsts	22	@24
Western imitation creamery, seconds	18	@20
Western imitation creamery thirds	12	@14
Western dairy, firsts	18	@20
Western dairy, seconds	13	@15
Western dairy, thirds	11	@12
Western factory, June, extra		@
Western dairy, June, seconds to firsts	11	@12½
Western factory, fresh, extras	18	@20
Western factory, fresh, firsts	13	@14
Western factory, seconds	11½	@12½
Western dairy and factory, thirds	10	@11

The exports of butter from New York since May 1st, the beginning of the trade year, compare as follows:

	Exports. lbs.
For week ending Nov. 24	292,916
Same week 1889	147,251
Since May 1, 1889	12,269,650
Same time last year	12,103,875

CHEESE.

The markets at the west are very firm, and in some instances have advanced, but at the east there is a quiet feeling in the trade, with values a shade lower than a week ago. In this market prices are unchanged, and there is a firm tone to the trade at the former range of 10½@11c for full cream State. At Chicago, with a liberal number of orders for shipment, there was a fair degree of firmness, especially in the better grades of cheese. Stocks in the aggregate are not especially large. Quotations are as follows: Strictly choice full cream twins, 9½@9⅝c; do cheddars, 9½c; do Young Americas, 10@10½c; full cream goods, though slightly less desirable, sell at a fractional discount from above; pound skims, 7½@9c; hard skims, 3½@6c; brick cheese, 10½@12c. The New York market is quiet and rather slow, with figures on fancy makes about ⅛c lower than last week. Since this shading of prices the market has become steadier, and an improvement would not be unexpected. The home trade is moderately active. Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

State factory, fancy, full cream, September	9½@	9⅝
State factory, fancy, full cream, Oct.	9¼@	9⅜
State factory choice full cream	9 @	9¼
State factory, fine, full cream	8½@	8⅞
State factory, good	8¼@	8⅜
State factory, fair	7¾@	8¼
State factory ordinary	7 @	7½
State factory, skims, fine, small	6½@	7
State factory, skims, average, small	5 @	6¼
State factory, light skims, choice	6½@	6¾
State factory, skims, fine	6 @	6¼
State factory, skims good	5 @	5½
State factory, skims, medium	3½@	4½
State factory, full skims	2 @	3
Ohio flats, fine, fall	@	9
Ohio flats, early	6 @	8½
Pennsylvania skims	1 @	1½

The exports of cheese from New York since May 1 (the beginning of the trade year) compare as follows:

	Exports. lbs.
For week ending Oct. 24	1,236,547
Same week 1889	501,093
Since May 1, 1890	63,294,412
Same time last year	62,238,015

At Utica, on Monday, the market was very dull, with prices ½c lower. Amount sold figured up 3,767 boxes, against 7,376 boxes the previous week, and 3,660 for the corresponding date last year. The range of prices was from 8@9½c, with 8½ the ruling price on small skims, and 8¾@9c for full creams.

At Little Falls, prices ranged from 7½@8½c on factory, and 8@9c on dairy. About 3,500 packages were disposed of.

The Liverpool market yesterday was quoted dull, with light demand; quotations were 48s. 6d. per cwt. for finest colored and white American, the same figures quoted a week ago.

It is reported that the Cloverfield combination of factories have closed out their September make at 9⅝c, and October at 9¾c, to Baltimore parties.

IT IS EASY TO BE MISTAKEN.

At an open meeting of a Grange held within a hundred miles of this city, where the questions discussed embraced a wide range, one of the ladies present, being deeply interested in poultry, indulged in some criticisms of the McKinley bill. She said it was all right in raising the duty on eggs, as it would undoubtedly be a help to poultry-keepers in this part of the State; but, she remarked, "when I came to look at the paragraph about poultry I found that whereas there had been formerly 10c per lb. duty on dressed poultry it was now only 3c." While we felt confident the lady was mistaken, not having a copy of the bill at hand we did not like to dispute her, especially as we knew she was morally sure she was correct, and wished to tell the exact truth. However, to put the matter at rest, we will publish the old and new duty rate on dressed and live poultry:

Live poultry—new rate, 3c per lb.; old rate 20 per cent.

Dressed poultry—new rate, 5c per lb.; old rate, 10 per cent.

At the present time live poultry ranges from 6 to 9c per lb. The new rate, therefore, is from 33⅓ to 50 per cent.; old rate, 20 per cent. Dressed poultry ranges from 8 to 11c per lb. Five cents per lb. duty, the new rate, is therefore from 45 to 62 per cent. old rate, 10 per cent. Undoubtedly the mistake came from the new duty rates being specific, three and five cents per lb., while the old levied a percentage duty. We advise our readers to get copies of the McKinley bill and study it carefully, as there are many points in it in which they are specially interested.

PARTIES having wool for sale will do well to correspond with Traugott Schmidt & Sons, of Detroit, as they are large dealers and sell direct to manufacturers.

IN the last sixty years England has paid no less than $275,000,000 in postal subsidies and bounties, and she is now paying an average of $3,750,000 per year.

THE HESSIAN FLY.

It is Doing Great Damage to the Wheat in this State.

EATON COUNTY.

EATON RAPIDS, Mich., Nov. 24, 1890.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I see by the last FARMER that you want reports from its readers in regard to the ravages of the Hessian fly in the different sections of the State.

In this section of Eaton Co., and in part, if not all of Jackson Co., there are lots of them and they are doing great damage in the early sown wheat, especially on sandy land.

SAM. H. HICKS.

WASHTENAW COUNTY.

SYLVAN, Nov. 23, 1890.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I wish to inform you about the fly in wheat in this part of the county. I believe every field of wheat in this section has plenty of them in it, and some that was sown early is turning yellow. We know of one field that I believe, unless it freezes up at once, might as well be plowed up, for all of the wheat has fallen off fully 20 per cent. in the last four weeks.

JOHN KALMBACH.

JACKSON COUNTY.

RIVES JUNCTION, Nov. 25, 1890.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I see by the last FARMER that a gentleman in Barry County wishes to know if the rest of the State is as badly troubled by the Hessian Fly as that section. It has been a long time since this part of Jackson County has had its wheat fields as badly injured by the fly as they are now. The prospect for a wheat crop next harvest is decidedly slim.

Enclosed you will find three or four samples pulled from as many different farms by which you may judge something of the outlook.

T. P. SMITH

[The samples showed the presence of the fly in large numbers.—ED. FARMER.]

THE SUGAR BOUNTY.

NORTHVILLE, Mich., Nov. 24, 1890.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

In speaking of the bounty on sugar in your last issue, you state that "the provision of the act goes into effect *April* 1, 1891, and therefore all maple sugar made the coming season, in conformity with the legal requirements, will get the bounty." Schedule E., as published in the Detroit *Tribune*, Oct. 10, 1890, reads as follows: "On and after *July* 1, 1891, and until July 1, 1905, there shall be paid, from any moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, under the provisions of Section 3689 of the Statutes, to the producer of sugar testing not less than 90° by the polariscope, from beets, sorghum or sugar cane grown within the United States, or from maple sap produced within the United States, a bounty of two cents per pound; and upon such sugar testing less than 90° by the polariscope, and not less than 80°, a bounty of 1¾ cents per pound, under such rules and regulations as the commissioner of internal revenue, with the approval of the secretary of the treasury shall prescribe," and so on to the end of the chapter. Which is right as to the time the law goes into effect?

A. D. POWER.

The quotation from the new law given by our correspondent is entirely correct; but at the close of the sugar schedule appears the following: "That the provisions of this act providing terms for the admission of imported sugars and molasses, and for the payment of a bounty on sugars of domestic production shall take effect on the first day of April, 1891." But it appears, from the fact that notice has to be filed by the producer on or before July 1st, of his intention to engage in the production of sugar, that the bounty will not become available before the season of 1892. We copy this provision of the law, which was overlooked in the preparation of the article which appeared last week:

"The producer of said sugar to be entitled to said bounty shall have first filed prior to July 1 of each year with the commissioner of internal revenue a notice of the place of production, with a general description of the machinery and methods to be employed by him, with an estimate of the amount of sugar proposed to be produced in the current or next ensuing year, including the number of maple trees to be tapped, and an application for a license to so produce, to be accompanied by a bond in a penalty, and with sureties to be approved by the commissioner of internal revenue, conditioned that he will faithfully observe all rules and regulations that shall be prescribed for such manufacture and production of sugar.

"The commissioner of internal revenue, upon receiving the application and bond hereinbefore provided for, shall issue to the applicant a license to produce sugar from sorghum, beets or sugar cane grown within the United States, or from maple sap produced within the United States at the place and with the machinery and by the methods described in the application; but said license shall not extend beyond one year from the date thereof.

"No bounty shall be paid to any person engaged in refining sugars which have been imported into the United States, or produced in the United States upon which the bounty herein provided for has already been paid or applied for, nor to any person unless he shall have first been licensed as herein provided, and only upon sugar produced by such persons from sorghum, beets or sugar cane grown within the United States, or from maple sap produced within the United States."

RATHER UNPLEASANT.

The following paragraph, referring to well known Michigan stockmen, appeared in the Chicago *Herald* of November 21, in connection with its report of the Fat Stock Show:

"A little unpleasantness in connection with the show occurred Wednesday. John Milton, of Marshall, Mich., was before the board of directors to answer a protest against his receiving a prize for a sheep which he had shown as a grade, but which was really an imported animal. The protest was allowed, the sheep being proven to be imported. The President made some severe remarks to Milton, and hinted that his presence would not be wanted at the show any more. Milton left in bad temper, and proceeded to pick a quarrel with C. S. Bingham, another sheep exhibitor, in the course of which he threatened to split Bingham's head open. Bingham had Milton arrested, charged with threats. The case was heard yesterday before Justice Prindeville, and Milton signed a bond to keep the peace for twelve months."

We are sorry to see any Michigan breeder discovered in an attempt to secure premiums which he was not entitled to. The business of breeding improved stock calls for a character of the strictest integrity, for after all the word of the breeder must be the main reliance of purchasers as to the purity of his stock. If a man will misrepresent facts to secure a premium at a show the question naturally arises, would he not misrepresent the breeding of his stock if it suited him to do so? The breeder relies largely for his business upon the confidence of the public in his integrity, and he cannot be too particular in keeping that point in mind on any and all occasions.

THE report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue shows a falling off in the production of oleomargarine. The average monthly production is now less than at any time since the law went into effect. The production increased from 1886 to 1889 and then began to decrease. The Commissioner says that the decreased production was chiefly owing to the open pasturage during the last winter and consequent abundant supply of natural butter at low prices, and secondarily to the more rigid enforcement of certain State laws prohibiting the manufacture of oleomargarine, and of other State laws restrictive in character but not actually prohibitory. The number of persons handling the product has also grown smaller. The tax of two cents per pound netted $620,000 during the year, while the special taxes of the retail dealers footed up an even $100,000, and of the wholesale dealers $55,000. There are twenty-two manufacturers of the article, of whom six are in Illinois. State legislation against oleomargarine continues active.

AT Philadelphia recently 160 bales of wool in the warehouse of Henry Schmidt were seized for undervaluation and fraud. The bales were entered as cattle hair, which is upon the free list. It is said that there was but a thin layer of hair on the outside of the bales, the interior being wool. It is believed that criminal proceedings will be instituted, as the provisions of the Customs Administration bill are very strict in regard to violations of the law. Section nine of that act declares that "if any person shall make an entry of merchandise by means of a false or fraudulent invoice the goods shall be forfeited and the offender shall upon conviction be liable to a fine not exceeding $5,000 or imprisonment for a term not exceeding two years, or both in the discretion of the court." It is needless to say that Mr. Schmidt is "agin the McKinley bill," or any other bill which demands honesty on the part of importers.

ACCORDING to official report of the Russian Minister of Finance the Russian rye crop equals for Russia in Europe a crop of one per cent above the average. The winter wheat crop by the same authority was three per cent above the average. Spring wheat was unsatisfactory in crop everywhere and averages 15½ per cent below an average. Taken together spring and winter wheat yield 9½ per cent under an average yield. Oats, barley and corn crops were about the average. Buckwheat was 42 per cent below an average.

SINCE 1887, says the London *Financial News*, no less than $250,000,000 has found its way from Great Britain into American investments not of a speculative character, but rather in concerns likely to show a moderate yet assured return. Breweries have absorbed nearly $30,000,000, and seem to be the most popular.

PROF. FRANK KEDZIE, of the Agricultural College, is travelling abroad just at present, but his interests seem to be looking out for themselves pretty well at home. The State Board of Agriculture has increased his salary to $1,800 a year and promoted him to the position of adjunct professor of chemistry.—*Lansing Journal.*

THE recent peasant insurrection in Southern Russia is said to be attributable indirectly to the decline of the grain trade and the consequent distress among the agricultural class. The decline of the Russian grain exports this year has been so great as to attract the serious attention of the government.

Flock Notes.

NOAH PORTER, of Leroy, Calhoun Co., has purchased a three year-old Dickinson Merino ram from T. M. Paxton, of McConnell's Mills, Pa.

J. D. Welch & J. W. Dye, of Ionia, have been selling sheep here this week and report a good sale; about 700 were sold averaging nearly $2.80 per head.—*Carson City Gazette.*

C. S. BINGHAM, of Vernon, has sold W. C. Nicholls & Son, of Cresco, Iowa, importers and breeders of Shropshires, 79 rams and ewes this season. The last purchase of the firm, just made, included 48 registered ewes and one ram.

Stock Notes.

THE farmers' stock sale held at Owosso last week was well attended. An association was organized, with M. W. Willoughby as president, Geo. T. Mason, secretary, and W. F. Spaulding, treasurer.

THE French Society of Hygiene has issued a pamphlet declaring that, after a careful investigation into the charges that American hog meats are unwholesome, it concludes that these are unfounded, and makes a strong appeal for the removal of the prohibition against the imports of pork from the United States.

AT the recent public sale of Hereford cattle at Dexter Park, Chicago, by D. Henning, of Wheatland, thirty-one females brought an average of $61.45, and seven bulls an average of $52.85. The highest price paid at the sale was for the six year old cow imported Lass, which went to the Makin Bros., of Kansas, for $115.

JOHN P. GILLETTE, of Illinois, sold 73 head of grade two-year-old Shorthorns, in the Chicago market recently, averaging 1,473 pounds each, at $5.10 per hundred. Common beeves were selling at the same time at $3, weighing 800 to 1,000 pounds each. The difference in the cost of one animal would buy a good pure bred bull.

IT is estimated that there are about 34,000 registered Holstein-Friesian cattle in the United States, and forty-three per cent of these are bulls. There are over 82,000 head of registered Jerseys and only twenty-eight per cent of them are bulls. The Ayrshires number 14,967, the Devons 11,382, Guernseys 5,671, Brown Swiss 1,029, Red Polled 744.

Farmers in the vicinity of Hillsdale raised 15,000 bushels of onions this year.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Michigan.

Bay City made $1,500,000 worth of building improvements within the past 12 months.

Sixty bushels of Japanese buckwheat from one acre is the yield reported by Martin Tanner, of Henrietta, Jackson Co.

A man named Stackhouse, who made balloon ascension at Charlotte last summer and injured himself in alighting, has become a county charge in Calhoun Co.

The prospect of good prices for cranberries led to the reconstruction of a big cranberry bog near Capac. Three miles of ditches have been dug, and a good deal of planting done.

A Nashville poultry packing house has shipped about 225,000 pounds of poultry since Sept. 1st. Some of the pickers employed can strip the feathers off 300 fowls in ten hours.

Paul Alexander Johnstone is going to Ann Arbor to give an exhibition of his "mind reading" abilities, and says he will discover who struck the blow which killed young Dennison.

The vote in Saginaw County at the last election on the proposition to bond the county for $100,000 to build stone roads, resulted in favor of the proposition by nearly 3,000 majority.

The good crops and advanced prices for farm products are helping a good many farmers out of debt. In Eaton County alone 90 mortgages were discharged during the month of October.

A couple of Howell business men have ordered 1,760 peach trees, which they will set next spring. If this opening venture proves successful, they will go into the business more extensively.

The Jackson Patriot says John Brown, of Rives, received from ten acres of potatoes the snug little sum of $900. The man who had potatoes and apples to sell this year is the man with the bank account.

Last Monday Wm. Kearney, agent of the C. & G. T. at Ransom, jumped from a freight train on a side track, upon the main track directly in front of a passenger train, which he neither saw nor heard. He was instantly killed.

Mrs. Maria Meade, of Fairfield, wiped up some gasoline which had leaked from her stove, with her apron. She neglected to turn off the blaze, the apron caught fire, and she was so fearfully burned that she died in a few minutes.

Twelve million feet of lumber were burned on the docks of the Cheboygan Lumber Co., at Cheboygan on Tuesday. Loss, $200,000, which falls on Burrows & Rust, of Saginaw, J. T. Hurst, of Wyandotte, and E. Nelson, of Cheboygan.

The lumbering seems not to be entirely done in this State. The Jonesville Independent says 50,000 feet of hardwood logs have been shipped from North Adams this fall. And North Adams is in Hillsdale County, one of the old counties of the State.

A grower of peppermint in the southwestern part of the State, who has 40 acres under cultivation, obtained 1,000 pounds of the oil. As a drop of the oil will make 25 drops of the essence used for domestic purposes, it is easy to see the supply is not short this year.

The J. H. Potts' Salt & Lumber Co., of Oscoda, has been forced to give mortgages for over $6,000,000, and is very much embarrassed, having liabilities of $1,500,000, and nominal assets of $3,000,000. The business of the company will be kept running, and it is hoped it may outride the storm.

Mrs. Loretta Pierce was killed by the cars at Galesburg on Wednesday evening. She attempted to cross the track in front of an express train. At Clio, on the same date, Mrs. J. R. Gorham was fatally injured in the same manner, except that whereas Mrs. Pierce attempted to cross on foot, Mrs. Gorham drove upon the track.

The Kalkaska Leader intimates that the emigration to Northern Michigan is going to be greatly increased within the next five years, as the advantages of the section become better known. The excellent potato yield has helped many of the farmers out of a tight place, and the reports of favorable crops have also helped boom the country.

Jackson Citizen: A company of miners who have been prospecting on the farm of J. F. McCarmel, in Blackman, have found what they believe to be a paying vein of coal. It is about 70 feet from the surface and appears to be 3½ feet in thickness. They will drill another hole and if it turns out to be as good as indicated will sink a shaft at once.

An unknown man was murdered at Fostoria, Ohio, on the 16th, and has since been identified as W. L. Campau, of Monroe or Wyandotte. He was with a man who gave his name as Fliks, but proved to be a notorious character named Marvin Kuhns, who escaped but is wanted by the police. Campau is supposed to have been murdered for his money.

Mason Democrat: George M. Webb lost his five-year-old Ben Harris brood mare last Monday forenoon. He was leading her when she broke loose from him and ran her head between two barbed wires; in struggling to get away she got one of the wires loose and ran with it until in working across her throat it severed her wind pipe. She died in a few minutes.

Several years ago Port Huron had a bad attack of natural gas excitement. A company was formed, pipes laid, many citizens piped the gas into their houses, and a great future was predicted for the city which was to become a great manufacturing point. But the supply of gas diminished, then failed, and now the company is bankrupt and the plant on the market.

Lansing's Board of Trade has presented a proposition to the City Council which involves the bonding of the city for $100,000 to raise means to induce factories and manufacturing enterprises to locate there. The idea is to build up the city, of course, and the tax-payers will probably be asked to vote upon the proposition. The $100,000 wanted is 1¾ per per cent on the assessed valuation of the city.

S. Heyser, Jackson's largest celery grower, lost about $2,000 worth of celery this year. Anticipating an early frost, he stored a large portion of his crop in coops; the continued mild weather caused it to heat and rot. That stored within a few weeks is in good condition. Mr. Heyser cultivates 30 acres of celery. Jackson is becoming quite a celery growing town. A single shipment recently made included 180 cases, weighing 15,000 lbs.

The coroner's inquest at Ann Arbor, which has been conducted off and on for two weeks, in the endeavor to find out who killed young Dennison, the student at the University who was killed in a row between the students and the militia, ended on Tuesday. The jury could not decide who inflicted the fatal blow, but held Granger—in charge of Co. A on that occasion, responsible for the order to charge. Investigation by a grand jury is talked of.

The creditors of R. G. Peters, the triple millionaire who recently failed at Manistee, will allow him to work out his own salvation, and continue to manage the property, believing that a man with brains enough to accumulate a fortune ranging into the millions with nothing as a start is competent to untangle his present embarrassments and come out all right. Mr. Peters will stick to salt and lumber, where he made his money, and let go of the other schemes in which he was interested, and which were where he dropped his once fat pocketbook.

The manufacture of fancy baskets from black ash and the polishing of pebbles and corals are "summer industries" which bring a large revenue to the people of Petoskey. The squaws make the baskets in the winter, and sell them for a trifle to the tradespeople, who double and quadruple the prices on them and dispose of them during the summer to the tourists, who buy them for souvenirs. The volume of business done in corals and pebbles and agates aggregate $15,000 to $30,000 per annum, and any one who ever took a fancy to a bit of polished stone in any of the shops and had the temerity to inquire its price, will agree the figures are probably not exaggerated.

General.

The verified population of the United States is fixed by the census of 1890, as 62,622,250.

The shrinkage in stocks and bonds on the New York Stock Exchange since last June amounts, it is said, to $300,000,000.

A bill extending suffrage to women at all elections in the territory of Oklahoma, has passed the house of representatives.

The crop bulletin issued by the Toronto Department of Agriculture says Canadian crops have been below the average this year.

A financial panic prevails at Buenos Ayres. The police had to be called out to quell a riot on the Bourse. The premium on gold advanced from 225 to 250.

The United States, during the 12 months ending Oct. 31, exported $860,67[illegible],34[illegible] worth of merchandise, and the imports $817,324,23[illegible], making an excess of exports over imports of $43,351,107.

August Belmont, banker of New York city, where he was the financial agent of the Rothschilds, died on Monday of pneumonia. His life and services to his adopted country are well known.

B. P. Shillaber, famous in the literary world as "Mrs. Partington," died at Chelsea, Mass., on the 25th, of heart disease. Never a favorite of fortune, he bore the ups and downs of life with cheerful resignation.

The number of immigrants who arrived in the United States at the six principal ports during the months ending Oct. 31, is 427,666, against 378 140 in 1889. We keep saying we don't want them, but still they come.

The department of agriculture takes charge of the inspection of cattle for export, and during the past few days have inspected 6,967 head. The number inspected denotes an increase in the shipments of live cattle to British ports.

A five story building in process of erection at Chicago fell with a crash Wednesday evening, burying three adjoining cottages, whose inmates had, fortunately, been warned of their danger. The debris caught fire, and the loss is $75,000.

Rev. Father Jean Goldsmith, of Chippewa Falls, Wis., who went there in 1849 and was then the only priest and missionary north of Lacrosse, is dead. He built 19 churches and a great number of parish schools.

Gen. Raum, commissioner of pensions, says the deficiency in the appropriation for pensions for the fiscal year 1890-91 will be between $32,000,000 and $33,000,000; and that for the fiscal year 1891-2, $133,173,085 will be required for the payment of pensions.

A clock which is over 100 years old and which has stood in the Central waiting rooms at Utica N. Y., for many years, was sold for $1 000 the other day. It is supposed to be the first standard time-piece of the National Observatory at Washington, and will go to the World's Fair as a relic.

The site of the old Andersonville prison is now the property of the G. A. R. post of Macon, Ga.; and they propose to convert it into a National G. A. R. park, the cash necessary for the purpose having already been contributed. The site includes the 80 acres on which were located the stockade, &c., and the price paid was $1,500.

A sad accident occurred at Brooklyn on Thanksgiving day. A grand stand crowded with people who had assembled to witness the Yale-Princeton foot ball game, collapsed under the aggregate of the humanity upon it, and 50 persons were hurt, more or less seriously. The stand was so obviously unsafe that many refused to go on it, yet 2,000 people were foolish enough to do so.

Richard H. Allen & Co., bankers and commission merchants at New York city, assigned on the 25th, with liabilities of $1,000,000. On the same day the parent firm of Thomas H. Allen & Co., cotton factors, of Memphis, Tenn., also made an assignment, brought on by the failure of the New York house, which was a branch. Liabilities $750 000. The assets of the firm consist largely of cotton plantations in the Mississippi valley.

Owing to the length and wildness of the northern border of Washington, it is very easy to smuggle Chinamen across from British Columbia into that State, especially as the smuggled men are helped by Chinamen in the Colville reservation who have married squaws. The inspectors want an act passed requiring the Chinese who are now in the country to take out certificates so they can be distinguished from their smugled countrymen.

Peter Mueller, of Chicago, reputed to be worth three-quarters of a million in real estate and stocks, was sent to the Bridewell on Monday last for thirty days, for begging on the streets. He would not pay the alternative of a fine. He and his wife lived in a miserable hovel on the banks of the Illinois & Michigan canal, and denied themselves everything except what was absolutely necessary to keep them alive. About a year ago his wife committed suicide.

Jay Gould is reported to have gained $30,000,000 during the recent panic on Wall Street. The Rockefellers increased their wealth by about $10,000,000, and Addison Cammack's winnings were in the vicinity of $[illegible],000,000. Per contra, Henry Villard lost $9,000,000 out of his fortune of $10,000,000. Four firms whose liabilities aggregated $13,000,000 went under during the panic. The North American Company lost $15,000,000 trying to support the price of its own stocks.

The intention of Armour, Swift and Morris, the big packers of Chicago, to start a city of their own near Hammond, Ill., by the removal of their business to that vicinity has created a good deal of consternation among stock yards people and railroads in Chicago. The proposed change will seriously interfere with their business and lower the value of their property. A project is on foot for enlarging the facilities of the yards and erecting rival packing houses, to be operated in opposition to the Armour faction.

Old Sitting Bull, who ought never to have been allowed to survive his capture by United States troops after the massacre of Custer and his men, has had not a little to do with the Indian troubles in the Dakotas. He is sly enough to keep quiet himself, but is the means of inflaming his followers, and now boldly tells them to pay no attention to the orders of the agents or the President, as he will bewitch the ammunition of the soldiers' guns so they will not kill. Somebody ought to try the effect of a bewitched musket on the old sinner.

Congress sent Prof. H. R. Elliott, of the Smithsonian Institute, to Alaska to inquire into the condition of the seal fur industry. Prof. Elliott has just submitted his report, in which he says the seal pirates and the continued hunting by authorized parties, has so decimated the animals that only about 100,000 remain in American waters. He recommends that the catch be suspended for seven years, and the recommendation will probably be acquiesced in by Congress. This will immediately raise the price of one of the necessaries of life, but can hardly be attributed to the McKinley bill.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker seems to be in that uncomfortable position known as "between the devil and the deep sea." His brethren of the Presbyterian church, in "Sabbath association" convened, censure him strongly for allowing the mail service of the country to be continued in operation on Sunday, and one clergyman, more pious than the rest, demands that the pastor of the congregation to which the P. M. G. belongs shall give him the alternative of stopping the government mail service on Sunday or withdrawing from the church. And on the other hand, the publicans, sinners and business men of the country are the "deep sea" the unfortunate P. M. G. would encounter if he should attempt to discontinue the transmission of mails on Sunday.

Foreign.

Paris has six hundred miles of thoroughfares, two hundred miles of which are planted to trees.

The Shannon river in Ireland is over its banks, and hundreds of acres of farm lands are under water.

The Irish Home Rule members of Parliament re-elected Parnell chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party by an unanimous vote.

France will have nothing whatever to do with Prof. Koch's new discovery, the lymph which is to cure tubercular diseases. It's German, you see.

France has the largest public debt of any country in the world. The estimated debt is

30,300,813,594 francs of nominal capital and 22,824,034,690 of actual capital.

By the bursting of a dam inclosing a pond in the river above Carlsbad, the principal streets of that city were inundated by a flood ten feet deep, which ruined the gas and waterworks.

Two thousand foreign physicians have arrived at Berlin to study Dr. Koch's method of treating consumption with his new remedy. Over 400 applications have been refused by a single hospital.

The French tariff committee has raised the import duties on mutton from 28 to 32 f. per 100 kilos, and put a rate of 20 f. on pork, butchers' meat, and 16 f. on smoked or salted pork. The duty on tinned meats has also been raised.

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Two or three dollars for a 5/A Horse Blanket will make your horse worth more and eat less to keep warm.

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Bronze Turkeys.

A fine lot for sale. Prices advance 25 per cent after January 1st.

MRS. MARY H. WARRANT, Plainwell, Mich.
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Barred Plymouth Rock Cockerels,

Pitkin strain; best of breeding; at reduced prices till January 1st. $1.00 to $1.50 per bird. Write for particulars.

E. M. KIES, Reading, Mich.
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I will sell at

PUBLIC AUCTION

On Fair Grounds, at Lansing, Mich.,

On Wednesday, Dec. 10, 1890,

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43 HEAD Holstein-Friesian Cattle

ALL FEMALES,

From the celebrated herd of Wm. L. Webber, East Saginaw, Mich. Mostly young cattle and most of them bred, and a good many of them to calve soon. This will be a great chance for farmers and others wanting these great milkers. Catalogues will be ready this week. Apply to C. L. Seeley, of Lansing, Mich., or J. A. Mann, of same place.

C. L. SEELY, Receiver.
J. A. MANN, Auctioneer.

FOR SALE.

Heavy draught horses, weighing between 1,500 and 1,600 pounds, and Jersey and grade Jersey cows.

S. T. DOUGLAS,
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THE BOOM HAS COME.

FOR SALE.

Six head of well bred Shorthorn cows and heifers. Five Young Marys and one Stapleton Lass; all registered or eligible for record, and all in prime order. Will sell the lot at three cents per pound, live weight, to close out. Address

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Those in want of a choice ram for their flocks can be supplied at reasonable prices. I can also furnish a few young ewes if applied for soon.

POLAND-CHINAS.

Pigs of both sexes for sale, bred from the herds of G. W. Harrington and the Barnes Brothers. Prices low to close out. Address

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DELHI MILLS, MICH.,

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Ten Head of Females

FROM MY

HERD of SHORTHORNS

At Prices which will Satisfy the Buyer.

Come and look over the herd and select what you want.

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I also offer some ewes, from lambs up, from my flock of registered Merinos. Prices will be made very reasonable.

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Having more stock than we care to carry over winter, we are prepared to make exceptional inducements to those wanting Percheron Stallions or Mares, or Jersey Cattle. We have aimed to select only those animals whose breeding would seem to guarantee the best results and whose individual excellence would justify that opinion. In breeding we have followed strictly the best lines and are confident that an inspection of our stud will convince that we have succeeded more than usually well and can now show an accumulation of first class animals unexcelled by any in proportion of GOOD ones to total number. We have stallions for sale ranging from one to seven years old, but would call especial attention to those from five to seven years. A portion of them have been bred and raised on the [illegible] balance of our own importation. The larger number are of the first class, a few are [illegible] in appearance though their breeding is as good as the best and [illegible] guarantee the best results from their use. This is measurably true of the mares. We have a half dozen bulls and number of cows of fashionable strain that we wish to dispose of. We will make prices on these animals that will secure speedy sale. The good ones at reasonable figures, much lower than we think the same quality can be bought elsewhere, and those of lesser merit, but whose breeding is all right, at prices very little above common stock for good work horses, and so low that any one having a few females to breed and wishing to improve their stock can afford to purchase. Terms will be made to suit. The low prices ought to insure cash sales but we will extend any reasonable credit to responsible parties. Address LOG CABIN STOCK FARM. 1664 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich.; City Office, 4 Merrill Block.

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BERKSHIRE PIGS!

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Teusha Grondie 5001,

will make the season of 1890 at Black Meadow for $25, by the season, without return privileges. Teusha Grondie was sired by Spartacus 1923; dam Juba by Belmont 64; g. d. Judith (dam of Hartford 2:22¼) by Mambrino Chief 11. Spartacus by Almont 33; dam Queen Lizzie (dam of Ormond, 2:27¼) by Mambrino Chief 11.

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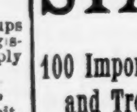

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50 Grand COACH STALLIONS

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I have for sale a lot of registered Merino ewes bred to the choice stock rams C. R. P. 155, (sired by Diamond) and C. R. P. 157; also some ewe lambs sired by these rams. Prices reasonable.

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Fine Plymouth Rock and S. C. Brown Leghorns. Cockerels at $1.50 each.

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LARGE ENGLISH BERKSHIRE HOGS.

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"LAKE VIEW" STOCK FARM,

Byron, Shiawassee Co., Mich.

Breeders of pure bred Poland-China swine and registered Merino sheep. Swine recorded in O. P. C. Record. Our herd is one of the finest and best bred herds in the State, and has taken more premiums at the Michigan State Fair in the past five years than any other herd. We breed only from animals of fine quality, as well as gilt-edged pedigrees. We have now for sale a superior lot of young boars and sows, dark in color and of fine quality. Prices reasonable. Write, or come and see us. Special rates by express.

LARGE

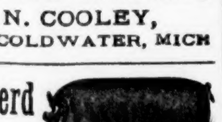
English Berkshires.

My boars won the highest prizes at the largest fairs in Canada, and at the Tri-State Fair at Toledo, Ohio, in 1887; also first prize and diploma at the Michigan State Fair. In 1888 they won the first prize in class and the diploma for best of any age. At the Wisconsin State Fair they won every first and sweepstakes they were entered for (two firsts and two sweepstakes.) In 1889 at the Michigan State Fair my hogs won every first prize they were showed for and there were five herds in competition, such as J. W. Hibbard's and others. First on yearling boar; first and second on boar under one year; first and third on two year old sows; first, second and third on yearling sows; first and second on sows under one year; and the diploma for the best boar any age. I don't show my hogs at the small fairs, but they have won the highest honors at the largest fairs in the world and they have always had strong competition.

☞ Mention MICHIGAN FARMER when writing.

B. N. COOLEY,
o12-tf COLDWATER, MICH

Coal Valley Herd OF BERKSHIRES.



W. D. BRANDS, Proprietor,
KERBY, MICH.

Imported boar Royal Minton at head of herd. Have imported and home bred brood sows of most popular strains. Some fine litters of pigs, from which orders can be filled. Correspondence will receive prompt attention.

WE,

Todd Improved Chesters

have been crowned

King of the Show Ring

On the farm with us may be seen a very fine flock of Shropshire sheep. For circular containing full particulars address S. H. Todd, Wakeman, O

HICKORY GROVE

POLAND-CHINAS!

A lot of young boars, ready for service, farrowed this spring, which are extra fine ones. Also a few choice young sows.

A. A. WOOD,
SALINE, MICH.

BERKSHIRES.

A few young boars fit for service, and a few sows for sale, cheap, if applied for soon. Quality and breed of the best. Breeding stock recorded.

N. A. CLAPP,
o4-tf WIXOM, MICH.

POLAND-CHINAS.

Fifteen fine yearling brood sows of the "Cora Bell 6th" strain, eligible to registration, will be sold cheap. If desired will be bred before shipment. Come early if you want your choice.

L. F. CONRAD,
n8 3m WACOUSTA, MICH.

IMPROVED CHESTER-WHITES.

Can spare a few spring pigs of either sex at farmers' prices. Breeders all recorded in Todd's Record.

n1-1m W. O. WILSON, Okemos, Mich.

MERINOS.

I HAVE FOR SALE

SEVERAL RAMS

that are well fitted, in fine condition, and are large bony fellows, both two year-olds and yearlings, showing great weight of fleece, quality and density. All sired by Copperbottom 1603, Voucher 1604; they by Vict 1276; N. Y. Register.

GEORGE F. MARTIN,
n15 4t Rush, N. Y.

DIRECTORY

—OF—

MICHIGAN BREEDERS

CATTLE.—Shorthorns.

A. J. COOK, Owosso, breeder of Shorthorn Cattle, and Shropshire Sheep. Stock for sale. All stock recorded and of popular families. Write to A. J. Cook, Agricultural College, for prices. o20'85tf

AARON P. BLISS, Swan Creek stock farm, breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited and promptly answered. C. S. Baldwin, Manager. P. O. address, Saginaw, Saginaw Co., Mich. au22-26

CHARLES FISHBECK, Lakeside Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co. Breeder of Shorthorns. Herd headed by Bates bull Baronet, Belle Bates 47411, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victoria, Stapleton Lass, Selinas and Bright Eyes families. Young stock for sale. June3-1y

EVERGREEN HILL STOCK FARM, J. Everitt Moore, proprietor, Milford. Shorthorn cattle, Chester White hogs, Merino sheep and Langshan fowls. Bulls Constance Duke 5th and Defiance (Vol. 35) at head of Shorthorn herd. Write for prices.

FRANK MERRITT, Charlotte, Mich., breeder of highly bred Shorthorn cattle, comprising Kirklevingtons, Waterloos, Roan Duchess and Rose of Sharons, with the highly bred bull Lord Barrington of Erie 4th 70562 at head of herd. For further particulars call on or address as above. mch30-1y

F. A. BRADEN, Victoria Stock Farm, Bancroft, Shiawassee Co., breeder of pure bred Shorthorns of the Victoria and Stapleton Lass families. All stock recorded. Young stock of both sexes for sale. Correspondence solicited. j26-

GEO. A. HART, Lakeside Stock Farm, Manistee, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited and promptly answered.

G. S. ALLEN & SON, breeders of Fine Shorthorn Cattle; Lincoln Sheep, and Chester White Swine. P. O. address, Portland, Mich. jly21-6m

H. H. HINDS, Stanton, Montcalm Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and American Merino sheep.

HENRY BROOKS, Brooks Farm, Wixom, breeder of Shorthorn cattle. The following families represented: Pomona, Rose of Sharon and Phyllis. Correspondence promptly answered. d8-1y

JOHN M. FISHBECK, proprietor of Maple Hill Stock Farm, breeder of Shorthorn cattle of fine form and excellent pedigree. Principal families Kirklevingtons, Hudson Duchesses, Victorias and Pomonas; 37th Duke of Hillsdale 80103. at head of herd. Young stock for sale. P. O., Howell; residence, five miles southeast. Write for prices. j1 90

JOHN C. SHARP, "Hillside Farm," Jackson. Breeder of Shorthorn cattle and Poland China swine. Families: Peri Duchess, Rose of Sharon, Young Mary, Gwynne, Victorias, etc., with the straight Rose of Sharon bull, "Sharon Duke of Bath No. 64449" at head of herd. Young stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

JOHN McKAY, Romeo, Macomb Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Young bulls and heifers for sale. Correspondence solicited.

M. DAVIDSON, Tecumseh, Lenawee County, breeder of Shorthorn Cattle. A few choice young females for sale. Also some young bulls. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. Herd headed by Peri Duke 2d, and consists of Young Mary, Rosabella and Phyllis families.

N. B. HAYES, Eldorado Stock Farm, breeder of Shorthorns of the Young Mary, Phyllis etc., families. Young animals for sale. Also breeder of Norman Percheron stock with imp. Eldorado at the head of the stud. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address Muir Ionia Co. d11y.

O. SNOW & SON, Kalamazoo, breeders of Shorthorn cattle. Principal families: Young Marys, Phillis, etc., headed by the Bates bull Peri Duke 3d 82644. Young stock for sale. Correspondence promptly answered.

S. H. ELLINWOOD, Rose Corners, P. O. address Fentonville, Genesee Co., breeder of Shorthorns. Stock of both sexes for sale. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. n26 26

W. J. BARTOW, East Saginaw, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock of all ages for sale. Inspection of the herd invited. Correspondence promptly answered.

WILLOW CREEK HERD OF SHORTHORNS. Stock for sale of good families and individual merit; Gwynne, Young Mary and Phyllis. Prices reasonable and to suit the times. O. R. Pattengell, Plymouth, Mich.

WM. BALL, Hamburg, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorns. Principal families: Rose of Sharon, Young Mary; Young Phyllis and Cruikshank. Also breeder of thoroughbred American Merinos of the best blood as well as the most thoroughly practical.

W. C. WIXOM, Wixom, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn Cattle of the Kirklevington, Hilpa, Flat Creek Marys, Cruikshank, Rose of Sharon, Aylesby Lady, Phyllis, Rosemary, Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Helen, and other families, headed by the pure Bates Barrington bull Barrington Duke 7th No. 72667.

WM. FISHBECK & SON, Howell, breeders of Shorthorn cattle. Principal families: Kirklevington, Darlington, Strawberry and Victoria. Herd headed by the Bates bull 3d Marquis of Longwood (Vol. 35 A. H. B.) Stock for sale. Write for prices.

Jerseys.

SMITH BROS, Eagle, Meadow Brook herd of Jerseys. Stock of the highest quality and of the best strains. Houdan chickens. s30 1y

W. J. G. DEAN, Hanover, high-class Jerseys of the Rioter-Alphea and Grand Duke Alexis strains. Pogis-Toltec-Tormentor 20601 at the head of the herd. Registered Merino and registered Shropshire sheep.

Galloways.

GALLOWAY BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION of the State of Michigan. President, Thos. Wycoff, Davisburg; Vice-President, L. B. Townsend, Ionia; Secretary and Treasurer, C. T. Wickes, Stanton. Choice recorded stock for sale. Correspondence invited. ja9-1y

Holstein-Friesians.

J. M. STERLING, Monroe, breeder of pure Holstein-Friesian cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence and personal inspection solicited.

Devons.

R. G. HART, Lapeer, breeder of Percheron and Standard-bred Trotting horses; Devon, Galloway and Hereford cattle; Merino sheep and Cheshire hogs. All stock registered. Farm adjoining city limits; residence, and breeding and sale stables in the city. Come or write me.

Polled Aberdeen-Angus.

LESLIE & BURWELL, Cottage Grove, Wis., breeders of pure bred Polled Aberdeen-Angus cattle. Best families represented. All ages and sexes for sale. Also high grades ½ and ¾ for sale. Write for particulars. 118-6m

SHEEP.—Merinos.

A. A. WOOD, Saline, breeder of thoroughbred Merino sheep. A large stock always on hand. Also Poland-China hogs; herd started from those of B. G. Buel, of Little Prairie Ronde, and G. F. Harrington, of Paw Paw.

A. D. TAYLOR, Romeo, breeder of Merino Sheep. Two flocks, one of Atwood and the other of mixed blood. Some choice young ewes and rams of each for sale.

BOSTWICK & STUDLEY, Union City, breeders of registered American Merinos. Stock rams Joel (B. J. Wylie 50), Atwood, Black Rock (B. & S. 4), and Pony Clark (B. & S. 1), Atwood, in use in the flock. Rams of different ages for sale. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. n1-6m

GEO. W. STUART & SON, Grand Blanc, breeders of pure Clark and other families of Atwood Merinos. Rams in use, Luck 427, Deacon Jr., (G. W. S. 403), and Luman Jr., (G. W. S. 364.) Also imported and grade Percheron horses and Poland-China hogs.

J. EVARTS SMITH, Ypsilanti, breeder of thoroughbred Merino sheep, registered in Vermont Register. Rams and ewes for sale of my own breeding, together with recent selections from some of the best flocks in Vt. Examine before purchasing elsewhere.

J. S. WOOD, Saline, Wastenaw Co., breeder of Vermont and Michigan registered thoroughbred Merino sheep. Stock for sale.

R. HATHAWAY, Addison, Lenawee Co., Mich. Breeder of thoroughbred American Merino sheep, registered in Vermont and Michigan Registers. Rams and ewes for sale of my own breeding, together with selections from some of the best flocks in Vermont. Correspondence solicited.

SHORT & HARRINGTON, breeders of Merino sheep and Poland-China swine. All breeding stock recorded. Correspondence solicited. Address A. T. Short, Coldwater, Mich., or G. F. Harrington, Paw Paw, Mich. Rams sired by Diamond for sale—yearlings, two and three years old.

WM. E. ANSTERBURG, breeder of thoroughbred Merino sheep (Michigan registered), Homer, Michigan. Residence, two miles northeast of village, on telephone line.

Shropshire Sheep.

A FLOCK SECOND TO NONE—Cheap as the cheapest, quality considered. See the fifty grand rams I can show you, and get prices before buying. Address E. D. Sabin, Hudson, Mich.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE FARM, Agricultural College, Mich., breeds Shropshire sheep of good families and individual excellence. Also Poland-China hogs from the best strains. PROF. E. DAVENPORT, Supt. of the Farm.

C. S. BINGHAM, VERNON, MICH., has only two imported rams; 60 imported yearling ewes, registered; 40 thoroughbred two year old ewes, unregistered, now on sale. These will be offered without reserve. Call or write for just what you want.

E. E. BEACH & SONS, Brighton, Livingston Co., breeders of registered Shropshires. A fine lot of young ram lambs for sale at reasonable prices. After a few days will sell my ram Alfred. Farm, two miles north of Green Oak station.

E. E. LELAND & SONS, Emery, Washtenaw Co., breeders of registered Shropshires. A fine lot of young rams for sale at reasonable prices. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. j7-3m

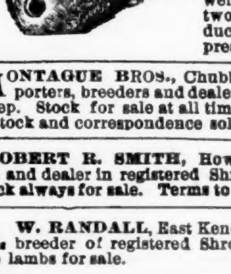
GEORGE H. GERMAN, Franklin, Oakland Co., importer and breeder of registered Shropshires. Stock of both sexes for sale at reasonable prices.

GEO. W. BUTTON, Flushing, Mich., breeder of Shropshire sheep from imported stock. Ram Chief, bred by Minton, of England, at head of my flock. Some choice rams and a few ewes for sale. Stock registered. Inspection invited. s1-1y

GAVIN LONGMUIR, Bannockburn Stock Farm, Pontiac, Mich., Importer and Breeder of Registered Shropshire Sheep. Stock for sale. Write for particulars. f12-1y.

J. F. RUNDEL & SON, Birmingham, Oakland Co., importers, breeders and dealers in thoroughbred Shropshire sheep. Stock registered. We import our sheep direct from England. Correspondence promptly answered.

J. LESSITER, Cole, Oakland Co., breeder of Shropshire Down Sheep, registered and unregistered; also Shorthorn Cattle. Stock for sale at reasonable prices and terms.



L. S. DUNHAM, Breeder and importer of Shropshire Sheep, Concord, Mich. LARGEST flock in Southern Michigan. Blue Blood 2d at head of flock; sheared 17¼ lbs. of wool; weight, 275 lbs. at two years old. Reduced rates by express.

MONTAGUE BROS., Chubbs Corners, importers, breeders and dealers in Shropshire sheep. Stock for sale at all times. Inspection of stock and correspondence solicited.

ROBERT R. SMITH, Howell, breeder of and dealer in registered Shropshire sheep. Stock always for sale. Terms to suit customers.

S. W. RANDALL, East Kendall, New York, breeder of registered Shropshires. Some fine lambs for sale.

SHROPSHIRE SHEEP.

The Willow Stock Farm,

Paw Paw, Mich.,

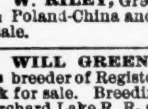
Our importation for 1890 has arrived in fine condition and includes 35 rams and 100 ewes purchased at the world-renowned sales of such noted breeders as Messrs Graham, Beach, Evans, Minten and Jones. We have rams for *cross-breeding*, and especially for use in *standard bred flocks*. All our ewes are intended for established flocks, of the best quality, both for wool and mutton. The stock is now on exhibition and for sale on reasonable terms. Correspondence solicited.

T. A. BIXBY, Lake View Stock Farm, South Haven, breeder of Shropshire Sheep from imported stock. All registered. Largest flock in Western Michigan. Inspection invited. f16-1y

VALENTINE BROTHERS, Dexter, Washtenaw Co., dealers in imported and breeders of registered and unregistered Shropshire sheep. Stock always for sale at reasonable prices. Correspondence solicited. mar15-1y

HOGS.—Poland-Chinas.

A. O. BOWEN, Wixom, breeder of pure-bred Poland-China swine. All breeders recorded in Ohio P. C. Record. Choice stock for sale.



C. W. Jones, Richland, Mich. My breeding stock all recorded in both the Ohio and American Poland-China Records.

G. W. INMAN, Ypsilanti, Washtenaw Co., breeder of Poland-Chinas of the most popular strains. Some superior young pigs for sale. Also Merino sheep. All stock bred from recorded animals. Correspondence solicited.

H. W. RILEY, Greenville, Mich., breeder of Poland-China and Victoria swine. Stock for sale. d14-89

H. WILL GREEN, Pontiac, Oakland Co., breeder of Registered Poland-China swine. Stock for sale. Breeding pens, two miles south of Orchard Lake R. R. station. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. je29-1y

NEIL FRANCIS, Oakwood, Oakland Co., breeder of Poland-China swine of the most fashionable strains. Correspondence solicited.

OTIS S. MEAD, Owosso, Shiawassee Co. breeder of Poland-China swine. Young stock for sale at prices to suit the times. Write or come and see me.

PIPER & WHITE, Milford, breeders of high class prize-winning Poland-China and Chester White swine. Breeding stock recorded. Write for prices. o18 3m

ROBERT NEVE, Pierson, Montcalm Co., breeder of Poland-China swine and high-class poultry, and sells at low prices.

TRUE BROTHERS, Armada, Macomb Co., breeders of Poland-China swine. Breeding stock all of choice families. All stock recorded. Write for prices. f25-1y

UNION HERD Pure Poland-China Swine. Breeding stock recorded in Ohio Record. Tecumseh 2d 6155 and Brigham, Vol. XII., in use. Also Partridge Cochin and Wyandotte fowls. Henry M. Morse, Union City, Mich.

Berkshires & Suffolks.

D. FOSTER, Grand Ledge, Mich., breeder of Large English Berkshire swine of the best strains. Nice stock for sale. Sires from A. W. & B. N. Cooley's herds. Correspondence solicited.

GEO. S. MARCY, Portland, breeder of first class registered Berkshire Swine and thoroughbred Merino Sheep. Stock for sale.

W. W. TUBBS, Delhi Mills, Washtenaw Co., breeder of pure Suffolk Swine. Choice stock for sale. Correspondence promptly answered.

Chester-Whites.

E. E. WARREN, Ovid, Clinton, Co., breeder of improved Chester White swine. Also both Light and Dark Ferrets. Write for prices.

O SAY, WHEN YOU WANT improved Chester-White pigs from registered stock, that are extra fine and hard to beat, write to A. H. Warren, Ovid, Mich.

C. M. THORNTON, Northville, Mich., live stock and general auctioneer. Sales made in any part of the country at reasonable rates. Good references.

POULTRY.

FOR SALE.—Ten choice Barred Plymouth Rock cockerels; large fine birds; price, $1 to $2 each. Also my entire flock of pure bred S. S. Hamburgs; am going to keep White and Barred Rocks exclusively my reason for selling. I have three Hamburg cocks and 10 hens and pullets. Write for prices and what you want. My Hamburgs are second to none. Address JAMES R. BROOKS, Southfield, Mich. n29-tf

SELECT HERD

—OF—

Bates Cattle!

—AT—

HAZEL RIDGE FARM,

SANDWICH, ONT.

The herd consists of

Duchess, Oxford, Thorndale Rose, Barrington, Kirklevington, Wild Eyes and Red Rose Families.

Farm across the Detroit River, immediately opposite the Exposition grounds. Call upon or address

WM. WRIGHT, Proprietor,
35 Fort Street West, Detroit.

Several choice young bulls fit for service for sale on reasonable terms, of the following families, viz.: Thorndale Rose, Barrington, Wild Eyes, and Oxford.

OAK HILL STOCK FARM.

C. E. LOCKWOOD, - Proprietor.

WASHINGTON, MACOMB CO., MICH.

Clydesdale Horses.

Young Contest No. 6408, Vol. 10, at the head of stud. The first premium horse at the Michigan State Fair five years in succession.

American Merino Sheep

of Atwood stock, descended from flocks of L. P. Clark, Edwin Hammond and W. R. Sanford.

Berkshire Hogs

of the most fashionable families.

All stock recorded or guaranteed as represented. Stock for sale at all times.

C. F. MOORE,

ST. CLAIR, MICH.,

Bates and Bates Topped

SHORTHORNS!

Represented by the following families:

Duchess, Barrington, Kirklevington, Tea Rose, Victoria Duchess, Place, Craggs, Young Mary, Constance, Moss Rose,

and other high bred sorts. At the head of the herd being the fine Duke bull

GRAND DUKE OF AIRDRIE 62933.

☞ Young stock of both sexes for sale.

RAISIN VALLEY STOCK FARM.

FOR SALE.

HOLSTEINS!

OF THE FINEST BREEDING,

representing strains of the choicest families. Pietertje 2d, Holland King, Prince of Twisk, Lord's Jumbo Boy, and the Netherlands and Jan families.

My cows are all bred to Beauty Netherlands Pietertje, and Koningen Van Pietertje.

ALSO, REGISTERED COTSWOLD SHEEP. Stock for sale.

E. M. LEWIS,
Raisinville, Mich.

SHORT HORNS

FOR SALE.

Bulls, heifers, cows and calves of choice milking strains and sired by high-bred bulls. For particulars address

B. J. BIDWELL
my4tf Tecumseh, Mich.

Wolverine Stock Farm

AMOS PARMENTER, Prop.

American Merino Sheep and Poland-China Swine.

VERNON, - - MICH.

I began breeding Poland-China swine in 1885. My purchases have all been from the herd of L. W. & O. Barnes, and of their breeding, except the boar Black Success, bred by E. J. Klever. I have now for sale some extra pigs from Barnes Luck, Luck Again, and Black Success. Pigs no akin 1e15-4

ALLEN STOCK FARM,

ALLEN, MICH.

T. M. Southworth, Proprietor.

Shorthorn Cattle and Merino Sheep.

Animals of both sexes always on hand and at prices to suit the times. Farm, two miles from station.

m24-tf T. M. SOUTHWORTH.

FOR SALE.

Holstein-Friesian bull Mercedes Violet Boelyn 2d 13907. There is included in his pedigree the blood of Mercedes, Violet, Billy Boelyn, Lady Clifden, Texlar, Lady Clay and Rooker, the founder of the great Aaggie family. One of the finest bred young bulls in the State. Sold for cash or a good note one year at ten per cent. He is a prize

MILLS BROS.,
a19-tf Ann Arbor, Mich.

FOR SALE.

Pure Kirklevington bull; Kirklevington Duke 29th, number 98955. Calved August 28d, 1887; red; a fine animal. For further particulars and price address

GEO. A. HART,
Manistee, Mich.

Shorthorn Bulls for Sale

Sired by 33th Duke of Airdrie 35565, Lord Barrington Hilhurst 52431, and Barrington Duke. Out of Barrington, Peri Duchess, Rose of Sharon, Phyllis, and Young Mary cows. Also cows and heifers. Reliable catalogues always on hand for distribution.

DWIGHT A. CURTIS.
Addison, Lenawee Co., Mich.

Addison is on the Cincinnati, Jackson and Mackinaw Railroad. Farm connected with State Telephone.

WATKINS STOCK FARM, Birmingham, Mich., Shetland ponies, Exmore ponies high-class Jersey cattle, Small Yorkshire and Poland-China swine, registered, and individually excellent. Stock for sale. POULTRY—Rose Comb Brown and White Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks, Light Brahmas. Eggs in season, $1.25 per 13; $2.00 per 26; $3.00 per 45. G. A. Watkins, McGraw Building, Detroit.

J. A. MANN, Lansing, Mich.,

LIVE STOCK & REAL ESTATE AUCTIONEER

Sales made in any part of the United States and Canada. Terms reasonable and made known on application.

Poetry.

AUTUMN PLOWING.

More than the beauty of summer
Is shed on the hills to-day,
And the fragrant breath of the vintage
Is borne on the winds away,
As, father and son together,
The farmers are guiding the plow:
Deep and straight is the furrow
They set in the green earth now.

"Plow deep," is the old man's counsel,
As they turn the fallow field
That yet shall laugh with the harvest,
And wave with a golden yield.
"Plow deep and straight," and the sturdy
Answer rings back with a will,
As the tilth is ready for sowing
On the sunswept reach of hill.

I watch, and over my spirit
There wafts an echoed psalm,
Sweet as a thought of our Father,
And full of heaven's balm;
God knows how deep the furrow
Needed by soul of mind,
Ere the stony soul shall quicken
And bloom with fruits divine.

And God who cares for the vintage
When the sap is in the stem,
And God who crowns the summer
With the autumn's diadem,
And God, who all the winter
Beholds the world's bread grow,
May be trusted for loving kindness,
Though His plowshare lay me low.

In storm and sun, our Father
Hath a care surpassing ours,
That is fain to find a shelter
For our little fragile flowers.
Why do we borrow trouble,
And why resist His hand,
That sends us gifts in sorrow
That we do not understand?

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

There is no time like the old time, when you
and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed and the birds
of springtime sung!
The garden's brightest glories by summer suns
are nursed,
But, oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that
opened first!

There is no place like the old place, where you
and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splen-
dors of the morn,
From the milk white breast that, warmed us,
from the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us, that will
look on us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend, who has
shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like
his praise:
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy
crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets
in every fold.

There is no love like the old love, that we court-
ed in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're
fading side by side;
There are blossoms all around us, with the
colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine, when our
day-star is withdrawn.

There are no times like the old times—they shall
never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—keep green
the dear old spot!
There are no friends like the old friends—may
Heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves—God bless
our loving wives!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Miscellaneous.

MR. COPERNICUS AND HIS PRODIGY.

The old publishing house of T. Copernicus & Son was just recovering from the rush of holiday business—a rush of perhaps a dozen purchasers. Christmas shoppers rarely sought out the dingy old building around the corner from Aster place, and T. C. & Son had done no great business since young T. C., the "Son," died, fifteen years before. The house lived on two or three valuable copyrights; but old Mr. Copernicus kept it alive just for occupation's sake, now that Tom was dead. But he liked to maintain the assumption that his queer old business, with its publications of half-a-dozen scientific or theological works per annum, was the same flourishing concern that it had been in his prime. That it did not flourish was nothing to him. He was rich, thanks to himself; his wife was rich, thanks to her aunt; his daughter was rich, thanks to her grandmother. So he played at business, and every Christmas time he bought a lot of fancy stationery and gift books that nobody called for, and hired a couple of extra porters for whom the head porter did his best to find some work. Then the week after New Year's he would discharge his holiday hands, and give each of them a dollar or two apiece out of his own pocket.

"Barney," he said to the old porter, "you don't need these two extra men any longer?"

"'Deed an' we do not, sor!" said Barney; "th' wan o' th'm wint off av himself the mornin', an' other do be readin' books the whole day long."

"Send him to me," Mr. Copernicus ordered.

The figure of a large and somewhat stout youth, who might have been 18 or 20 years old, appeared, rising from the sub-cellar. His hair was black, his face was clean-shaven, and, although he held in his hand the evidence of his guilt, a book kept partly open with his forefinger, he had an expression of imperturable calm, placid, ox-like fixity of purpose. He wore a long, seedy, black frock coat, buttoned up to the neck band of his collarless shirt.

"How's this?" inquired Mr. Copernicus. "I'm told you spend your time reading my books."

The young man slowly opened his mouth and answered in a deliberate drawl, agreeably diversified by a peculiar stutter.

"I haven't been reading your b-b-books, sir; I've been reading my own. All I had to do was to hand up boxes of fuf-fuf-fancy stationery, and—"

"I see," interposed Mr. Copernicus, hurriedly. "There hasn't been much call for fancy stationery this year."

"And when there wasn't any c-c-call for it, I read. I ain't going to be a pip-pip-porter all my life. Would you?"

"Why, of course, my boy," said Mr. Copernicus, "if you are reading to improve your mind, in your leisure time—let's see your book."

The young man handed him a tattered duodecimo.

"Why, it's Virgil!" exclaimed his employer. "You can't read this."

"Some of it I kik-kik-can," returned the employe, "and some of it I kik-kik-can't."

"What else have you studied?"

"A little Gig-Gig-Greek."

"Anything else?"

"Some algebra and some Fif-Fif-French."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Baltimore," drawled the prodigy, utterly unmoved by his employer's astonishment. "I was janitor of a school there, and the principal lent me his bib-bib-books."

"What is your name?"

"M-M-Michael Quinlan."

"And what was your father's business?"

"He was a bib-bib-bricklayer," the young man replied, calmly, adding reflectively, "when he wasn't did-did-drunk."

'Bless my old soul!" said Mr. Copernicus to himself, "this is most extraordinary! I'll see you again, young man. Barney!" he called to the head porter, "this young man will remain with us for the present."

A couple of days later Mr. Copernicus sent for Michael Quinlan, and invited him to call at the Copernicus residence, on Stuyvesant square, that evening.

"I want to have Prof. Barcalow talk with you," he explained.

At the hour appointed Mr. Quinlan presented himself at the basement door of the old house, and was promptly translated to the library, where Prof. Barcalow, once president of Clear Creek University, Indiana, rubbed his bald head and examined the young man at length.

Quinlan underwent an hour's ordeal without the shadow of discomfiture.

He drawled and stuttered with a placid face, whether his answers were right or wrong. At the end of the hour the professor gave his verdict.

"Our young friend," he said, "has certainly done wonders for himself in the way of self-tuition. He is almost able—mind, I say almost—to pass a good Freshman examination. Of course he is not thorough. There is just the same difference, Mr. Copernicus, between the tuition you do for yourself and the tuition you receive from a competent teacher as there is between the carpentering you do for yourself and the carpentering a regular carpenter does for you. I can see the marks of self-tuition all over this young man's conversation. He has never met a competent instructor in his life. But he has done very well for himself—wonderfully well. He is entitled to great credit. Try to remember, Quinlan, what I told you about the use of the ablative absolute."

Quinlan said he would, and made his exit by the basement door.

"If he works hard," remarked the professor, "he will be able to enter Clear Creek by June, and work his way through."

"And as it happens," said Mr. Copernicus, "I'm going to lose my night watchman next week, and I think I'll put Quinlan in. And then I've been thinking—there are all poor Tom's books that he had when he went into Columbia. I'll let the boy come here and borrow them, and I can keep an eye on him and see how he's getting along."

"H'm! yes, of course," the professor assented hesitatingly, dubious of Mr. Copernicus' classics.

* * * * *

"Well, Barney," Mr. Copernicus hailed his head porter a month or two later, "how does our new night watchman do?"

"Faith, I've seen worse than him," said Barney. "He's a willing lad."

Barney's heart had been won. He came down to the store each morning and found that Quinlan had saved him the trouble of taking off the long sheets of cotton cloth that protected the books on the counters from the dust.

Every week thereafter Quinlan presented himself at the basement door, shabby, but no longer collarless, was admitted to the library by way of the back stairs, and received from Mrs. Copernicus the books that Mr. Copernicus had set aside for him. But one day Mr. Copernicus forgot the books, and Mrs. Copernicus asked the young man into the parlor to explain how it had happened. When she had explained, being a kindly soul, she made a little further conversation and asked Quinlan some questions about his studies. Greek was Greek indeed to her, but when he spoke of French she felt as though she had a second-hand acquaintance with the language.

"Floretta," she said to her daughter, "talk to Mr. Quinlan in French and find out how much he knows."

Floretta blushed. She was a wren-like little thing, with soft brown hair, rather pretty, and yet the sort of a girl whom men never notice. To address this male stranger was an agony to her. But she knew that her French had been bought at a fashionable boarding-school, and bought for show, and her mother had a right to demand its exhibition. She asked M. Quinlan how he portrayed himself, and M. Quinlan, with no more expression on his face than a Chinese idol, but with a fluency checked only by his drawl and his stutter, poured forth what sounded to Mrs. Copernicus like a small oration.

"What did he say then, Floretta?" she demanded.

"He said how grateful he was to papa for giving him such a chance, and how he wants to be a teacher when he knows enough. And, oh, mamma, he speaks ever so much better than I do."

"Where did you learn to speak so well?" inquired Mrs. Copernicus, incredulously.

"I lived for some years in a French house, Ma'am. At least the lady of the house was French, and she never spoke anything else."

Beneficence is quick to develop into an insidious habit. When Mr. Copernicus heard this new thing of his prodigy and protege, a new idea came to him.

"Old Haverhill", down at the office, speaks French like a native. I'll let him feel Quinlan's teeth and if he is as good as you say he is, he'd better come once a week and talk French to Floretta for an hour. You can sit in the room. She ought to keep up her French."

And every Wednesday, from 4 to 5, Mr. Quinlan and Miss Floretta conversed. Floretta blushing ever, Quinlan retaining his idol-like stolidity. Sometimes the dull monotony of his drawl, broken only by his regular and rhythmic stutter, lulled Mrs. Copernicus into a brief nap over her book or her fancy work.

* * * * *

Spring had come. The trees had brought out their pale and gauzy green veils, the beds of tulips and Alpine daisies made glad spots in the parks, and Quinlan at his employer's suggestion, had purchased a ready-made spring suit, in which he looked so presentable that Mr. Copernicus was half minded to ask him to dinner.

For Mrs. Copernicus had said something to Mr. Copernicus that had set him to thinking of many things. The Chinese idol had abated no jot of his stolidity, and yet—perhaps—he had found a worshipper. Floretta began blushing of Wednesdays, a full hour before the lesson.

What was to come of it? On the face of it, it seemed impossible. A Quinlan and a Copernicus! And yet—great-grandfather Copernicus, who founded the family in America—was not he a carpenter? And did not his descendents point with pride to his self-made stolidity? And here was native worth; high ambition; achievement that promised more. And Floretta was 24, and had never had an offer. "What," inquired Mr. Copernicus of himself, "is my duty toward the proletariat?"

One thing was certain. If the question was not settled in the negative at once, Quinlan must be educated. So, instead of inviting Quinlan to dinner, he invited Mr. Joseph Mitts, the traveling agent of the Hopkinsonian Higher Education Association, who, by a rare chance, was in town.

Cynical folks said that the Hopkinsonian Association existed only to sell certain text-books and curious forms of stationery which were necessary to the Hopkinsonian system. But no such idea had ever entered the head of Mr. Mitts. He roamed about the land, introducing the system wherever he could, and a brisk business agent followed him and sold the Hopkinsonian blackboards, and the Hopkinsonian ink and the Hopkinsonian Teachers' Self-Examination blanks, on commission.

As they smoked their cigars in the library after dinner, Mr. Copernicus told Mr. Mitts about Quinlan. Mr. Mitts was interested. He knew a professor at a fresh-water college who would put Quinlan through his studies during the vacation.

"Well, that's settled," Mr. Copernicus said, and he beamed with satisfaction. "I knew you'd help me out, Mitts. Only it's so hard ever to get a sight of you."

"We don't often meet," Mr. Mitts assented. "And it is curious that this visit should have been the means of giving me sight of a man in whom I want to interest you. His name is Chester—Dudley Winthrop Chester. He is the son of my old clergyman, and he has given his parents a deal of trouble. I don't know that Dud ever was vicious or dissolute. But he was the most confirmed idler and spendthrift I ever knew. He couldn't even get through college, and he never would do a stroke of work. He made his father pay his debts half a dozen times, and when that was stopped he drifted away, and his family quite lost sight of him. I met him in Baltimore last year, and lent him money to come to New York. He said he was going to work. And just as I came in your front door I saw him going out of your basement door with a package under his arm, so I infer he is employed by one of your tradespeople."

"Just as you came in? Why—a large, dark-haired young man?"

"Yes; clean-shaven."

"Why, that was Quinlan!"

"No," said Mr. Mitts, with the smile of superior knowledge. "It was Chester, and if I'm not mistaken, he was kissing the cook."

"Then you are m'staken!" cried Mr. Copernicus; "my cook is as black as the ace of spades. There isn't a white servant in the house."

"Why, that's so!" Mr. Mitts was staggered for the moment, "But—wait a moment—does your man Quinlan speak with a drawl, and just one stutter to the sentence?"

"I think he does," replied his host, "but—"

"Dudley Chester!" said Mr. Mitts.

"But, my dear Mitts, the Latin and Greek!"

"He had to learn something at Yale."

"And the French!"

"His mother was a French Canadian. That's where he gets his French—and his laziness."

Mr. Copernicus made one last struggle.

"But he has been most industrious and faithful in my employ."

"What is he?"

"My night-watchman."

"Mr. Copernicus," inquired Mr. Mitts, "have you a watchman's clock in your building?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Copernicus, indignantly. "I have none of those degrading new-fangled machines. I prefer to trust my employes."

"Then Dudley Chester is asleep in your store at this minute."

* * * * *

A soft moist breeze, with something of the sea in it, blew gently in at an open window of the second floor of the business establishment of T. Copernicus & Son. Near the window a gas-jet flickered. Under the gas-jet, on, or rather in a bed ingeniously constructed of the heaped-up covering cloths from the long counters, lay Mr. Michael Quinlan, half supported on his soft elbow. In his other hand he held, half open, a yellow covered French novel. Between his lips was a cigarette. A faint shade of something like amusement lent expression to his placid features as he listened to Mr. Copernicus puffing his way up the stairs, followed by Mr. Mitts and Barney. The hands on the clock pointed to 11. Mr. Quinlan's attire was appropriate to the hour. He wore only a frayed cotton night-shirt. His other clothes were carelessly disposed about his couch.

He waited calmly until his visitors had appeared before him, and then he greeted them with a gracious wave of his hand—an easy gesture that seemed to dismiss Quinlan and announce Chester.

"Gentlemen," he drawled, "you'll excuse me not gig-gig-getting up to welcome you. Ah, Joseph! I saw you this evening, and I supposed the j-j-jig was up."

Mr. Copernicus was purple and speechless for the better part of a minute. Then he demanded, in a husky whisper:

"Who are you?"

Mr. Chester, with nothing of the Quinlan left about him, waved his hand once more.

"Mr. Joseph Mitts is a gentleman of irre-pip-pip-proachable veracity," he said. "I can kik-kik-confidently confirm any statement he has made about me."

"And why—" Mr. Copernicus had found his voice—"why have you humbugged me in this infamous way?"

The late Quinlan gazed at him with blank surprise.

"My dear sir, did-did-don't you see? If I'd told you who I was you'd have thought I was a did-did-damn fool not to know more than I did. Whereas, don't you see, you thought I was a did-did-devil of a fellow."

"Get up and dress yourself and get out of here!" said his employer.

"The jig, then," inquired Mr. Dudley Chester, slowly rising, "is did-did-definitely up? No more Fif-Fif-French lessons? No? Well," he continued, as he leisurely pulled on his trousers, "that's the kik-kik-cussed inconsistency. The j-j-jig is up for the gentleman, but when you thought I was a did-did-damn Mick, I was right in the bib-bib-bosom of the blooming family."

"Here are your week's wages," said Mr. Copernicus, trembling with rage. "Now get out!"

"Not exactly," responded the imperturbable sinner, "a ticket to Chicago!"

"I am afraid you had best yield," whispered Mr. Mitts. "Your family, you know. It wouldn't do to have this get out."

Mr. Copernicus had a minute of purple rage. Then he handed the money to Mr. Mitts.

"Put him on the train," he said. "There's one at twelve."

"We can make it if we hurry," said the obliging Mr. Mitts. "Where's your lodging-house, Chester?"

Chester opened his eyes inquiringly. "Why, this is all I've got," he said, "what's the mim-mim-matter with this?"

"But your—your luggage?" inquired Mr. Mitts.

Mr. Chester waved a tooth-brush in the air.

"Man wants but lil-lil-little here below," he remarked.

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"You see," explained Mr. Dudley Winthrop Chester, formerly Quinlan, as he stepped out into the night air with Mr. Mitts, "the scheme is bib-bib-busted here, but I've got confidence in it. It's good—I'll gig-gig-go. Chicago's the pip-pip-place for me. I suppose if you flash up 'amo, amas' to a Chicago man he thinks you're Elihu Burritt, the learned bib-bib-blacksmith."

"Aren't you tired of this life of false pretenses?" asked Mr. Mitts sternly.

"You can bib-bib-bet I am," responded Chester, frankly; "I haven't said a cuss-word in six months. Did-did-did-damn—dam—dam—damn!" he vociferated into the calm air of night, by way of relieving his pent-up feelings.

"How long is it, Dudley," pursued the patient Mitts, "since your parents heard from you?"

"Two years, I gig-gig-guess," said Chester. "By jove," he added, as his eye fell on the blue sign of a telegraph office, "did-did-damn if I don't telegraph them right now."

Mr. Mitts was deeply gratified. "That's a good idea," he said.

"L'ni man kik-kik quicker," said Dudley Chester.

* * * * *

At midnight sharp Mr. Mitts saw his charge ascend the rear platform of the Chicago train just as it moved out of the gloomy Jersey City station of the Pennsylvania railroad.

A young woman of slight figure, with a veil about her face, emerged from the interior of the car and threw her arms around the neck of Mr. Chester, late Quinlan.

"I thought I wasn't mistaken," said Mr. Mitts to himself.

The next week he received an envelope containing a scrap roughly torn out of a daily paper. It read as follows:

CHESTER—COPERNICUS—At the rectory of the Church of St. James the Greater by the Rev. Dr. Wilson Wilson, D. D., Floretta, daughter of Thomas Copernicus, of New York, to Dudley Winthrop Chester, of Baltimore, Md. No cards.

And yet, within six months, Mr. Mitts received cards. They bade him to a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Chester at the home of Mr. Copernicus.

"I couldn't have done that," said Mr. Mitts to himself.

FUNERALS FOR DOGS.

Peculiar Ideas of a Mild-Mannered and Charitable Lady.

A mild-mannered old lady who has nothing else in life to do except clip coupons is seeking for a philanthropist who will help organize the "National Dog-Burial Company."

This lover of the canine race is Mrs. Isabella Dean Brack, who is temporarily staying with friends in Brooklyn, says the New York World. She has been exploiting her pet hobby for years in her native city of Philadelphia, and meeting but discouragement there has determined to enlist sympathy in the metropolis.

"Why shouldn't we bury our pets decently and mark their graves?" she asked a World reporter. "I have never had any children, and all the affection in my nature goes out to the lower animals, dogs especially. How I love the dear little things! Why, my little Andrew is cuter than any baby that ever lived. He is a pug and he knows every word I say. You can see the tears gather in his big brown eyes when he is scolded. Now, haven't I the right to put a tombstone over that little darling when he dies? Of course I have, and there are thousands who believe just as I do.

"I want to know a hundred ladies who are willing to assist me in forming a company for the purpose of having a plot of our own for our dead doggies. We could crystallize—no, not crystallize—capitalize it, couldn't we? I don't know exactly how that is done, but I suppose it means to raise capital. Oughtn't the city contribute something?"

Mrs. Brack says she will visit some leading bankers very soon if she does not receive any voluntary aid.

Sagacious Sparrows.

The little English sparrows in New York have learned a new dodge since electric lights replaced gas in the city parks. When the current is turned off at dawn the bottoms of the globes are filled with thousands of insects which have been attracted by the light and killed. The sparrows come around after the globe has cooled off, slide down the carbons and devour the insects.

THE RUSSET APPLES.

How They Helped to End Addy Walters' Trials

A late March twilight, with a bitter frost in the air; the new moon just dipping its golden horn behind the maple swamp in the west, and the ground sounding crisply under foot. We had just come in from foddering the cattle—"we" sounds rather singularly when you reflect that it meant Kitty and I, two girls of seventeen and nineteen; but you see there wasn't any one else to do it. Father had been bedridden ever since that last attack of paralysis, and we could afford to hire no one to take his place about the farm.

"I don't pity them gals," Neighbor Dyson said. "They might sell the horse and cow."

Neighbor Dyson had generously offered us something less than half price for them, thinking, no doubt, that we would be thankful to jump at the chance. But Kitty and I, after taking the matter into consideration, thanked him, and declined politely.

"We couldn't keep house without old Mooley, could we, Addy?" said my sister. "There are so many nice dishes we can make for poor father, if we have plenty of good, rich milk and cream. And the butter that we should have to buy at Neighbor Dyson's city prices would go far to counterbalance the money we should get for Mooley."

"And as for the horse," said I, "he eats but a little; and how on earth could we get around the country, even to the post-office, such weather as this, if it wasn't for old Dobbin, that we have had ever since I can remember."

So it happened that on this special March evening we had just come in from attending to the wants of our live stock.

I was in great spirits, playing with pussy, who came to meet us with her plumy tail erect; but Kitty leaned sadly against the wooden mantel and looked into the fire with mournful eyes.

"Kitty," cried I, at last, "what does make you so dull?"

"To-morrow is the 3d of March," said she, gravely.

"What of that?" I demanded.

"Don't you remember? The interest on the mortgage comes due to-morrow."

"So it does," said I, my radiant face falling faster than the thermometer on a freezing day. "Thirty-five dollars! And we have nothing to pay it with except the fifteen dollars Laura Osgood paid for the old melodeon."

"Perhaps Willis Avery would wait," suggested Kitty.

I drew myself up, slightly.

"I don't choose to ask him to wait," said I.

Now, it happened that Willis Avery, who held the mortgage on our homestead, was the son of a neighbor and an old playfellow and boy-beau of my own, who had gone to the prosperous young city a few miles north of us and commenced business on his own account, and I had a particular aversion to asking aid or help of him in any way. I might be poor, but I was also proud, and Kitty was quite sympathetic enough to understand me.

"But, then, what are we to do?" said Kitty.

I sat down on the hearth rug, with my chin in my hands, and stared earnestly at the big crackling, black log. Pussy crept away and nestled down in the corner, as if she knew by instinct that there was a change of temperature.

"Look here, Kitty," said I, suddenly. "Those russet apples!"

"Well?"

"We can sell them. There are eight barrels at the least. Eight barrels at two dollars and fifty cents a barrel—"

"My dear Addy, no one will buy them at one-fifth the price. Apples are a drug in the market."

"Here, I grant you, but not in the city. I will take them to Mapleton and sell them."

"You will, Addy?"

"And why not? Squire Dyson would charge at least twenty per cent. commission, and make a favor of it at that. I can't afford either the price or the patronage. Don't say any thing about it to father. He would only fret and raise objections. What must be done, must be, and I am the girl to do it."

"But, Addy, how? All this seems so perfectly wild and visionary to me."

"Well, it needn't; for, believe me, it's the most practical thing in the world. All we have to do is to sort the apples out in barrels, nice and sound—I can easily do it by lantern light to-night—and to-morrow morning we'll rise early, harness old Dobbin to the lumber-wagon—"

"But how are we to get the heavy barrels up into the wagon?"

"Goosie!" cried I, laughing. "Can't I put the barrels up into the wagon while they're empty, and fill them at my leisure? And I'll have them sold at Mapleton before you've got the pork and cabbage boiling for dinner."

"But where will you go?" asked Kitty.

"Oh! I know lots of places. I went once to town with Obediah Fairweather, when he sold a lot of cheeses. I've pretty good idea of the locality of the commission stores, I can tell you."

"After all, Addy," hesitated my conservative little sister, "it isn't a woman's work."

"Why isn't it, I should like to know, so long as a woman can do it. At all events, a woman must pay her debts; so if you'll hurry up the tea I'll be off to the barn."

"And what shall we tell papa?"

"Oh! he'll think I've gone to singing-school with the Dyson girls, and I don't think it's a Christian duty to undeceive him," answered I.

But notwithstanding the brave face I put upon affairs, my heart quivered a little the next day as I drove off toward Mapleton, with the scarlet stain of sunrise dyeing all the east, and my own cheeks flushed with the keen morning air.

But it wasn't so bad, after all. With pardonable egotism, I supposed that every one would be staring at me; but on the contrary, a young woman selling apples might be the commonest sight in the world, so little comment or surprise did it apparently excite. Mr. Holloway, of the firm of Holloway Brothers, produce and commission merchants, didn't want any apples I speedily learned.

"Just bought a shipload from Albany," said he, as carelessly as if shiploads of apples were as common a purchase as ten cents' worth of tape. And I drove on, beginning to feel infinitesimally small.

Mr. Lovejoy could give me one dollar a barrel. "Apples wasn't worth no more at this season of the year!" And I whipped old Dobbin up, determined to carry them home again, sooner than sell at that price.

At the next place where I stopped a pleasant-looking, middle-aged man came out and critically examined my apples.

"Do they hold out like this all the way down?" he asked.

"I'll warrant them," said I, carelessly.

"How much?" he asked.

"Two dollars and a half a barrel."

He reflected.

"It's a good price," said he, as if he were talking to his own vest buttons; "but then they look like good apples, and we've a tolerably large Western order to fill. I'll see what my partner thinks."

He went back into the gloomy depths of his store, and I, happening to glance up, saw the words painted in black letters over the door: "Hull & Avery."

My first impulse was to drive on and leave the chance of a bargain behind me; my next to sit still and await my fate as Providence dealt it out to me. And presently out came Willis Avery himself.

"I think we will take your load if—why!" breaking short off, "It's Addy Walters!"

I colored scarlet.

"Yes," said I, as composedly as possible. "Good morning, Mr. Avery, I shall be obliged to you if you will examine the fruit as speedily as possible, as I am in a hurry."

"Oh, certainly." He looked as if a nipping frost had chilled his enthusiasm in the bud, and I secretly exulted within myself.

Mr. Hull bought the load of apples, and said if I had any more at the same price—and of the same quality, he cautiously added—he would be happy to take them. Willis Avery touched his hat, and I drove away as loftily as Queen Boadicea in her chariot of old.

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"Just $35, counting in the melodeon money," cried Kittie, gleefully. "And now Mr. Avery may come as soon as he likes!"

He had scarcely spoken the words when there came a knock at the door, and in walked no less a personage than Mr. Willis Avery himself. I received him with the air of an empress.

"Your money is ready, Mr. Avery."

"I was not thinking of the money, Addy," said he, almost reproachfully. "Do you think one's mind runs always on money?"

"Mine does, a good deal," said I, laughing.

"But I had no idea you were reduced to this. I did not know—"

"Mr. Avery, this is scarcely business-like," I interposed.

"Addy," said he, abruptly, "I admired your spirit and courage to-day. I always liked you as a girl, but now—"

"Well?" for he hesitated.

"I would do something more, if you would let me. I would love you!"

I did not answer. In truth and in fact, I could not.

"Dear Addy, will you let me sign back the old place to your father on our wedding day?" he asked earnestly.

And somehow he had got hold of my hand, and somehow, before I knew it, we were engaged.

"This is all very ridiculous of us," said I, "particularly as I have resolved never to marry since we had that quarrel about my dancing with Gerald Ferguson at the fourth of July picnic."

"I'll promise you never to be jealous again," said Willis Avery.

Kitty was jubilant when she heard it all.

"Our troubles are at an end," said she, "and all because you would take that load of russet apples to town yourself."

"That doesn't follow," said I, sagely.

But for all my philosophy I did believe a little in fate, and I've always liked russet apples since.—Chicago News.

WHAT SHE FEARED.

But the Little Married Man Made Every Thing All Right.

The car was filled with excursionists returning from the exposition, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Every seat contained a pair of Buckeye lovers. The last bear died in Ohio some time ago, but the art of hugging has survived. It was the midnight express, and the air was right chilly, but not a soul noticed that except a poor, little married man who sat alone in the half seat by the unlighted stove. He looked down the car and noticed that apparently all the young men were one-armed; at least but one arm of each male was visible. The light in the car was very low, however, and that may account for the phenomenon.

Lovers like twilight; if Adam and Eve did not sing "In the Gloaming" it was because they knew a fresher song. And it was twilight in that car, for all three double lamps were turned down very low, and before the train was out of the Alleghany yards the flame in one of them had sputtered, flared a moment, and expired. Of course every girl in the car was alarmed when the gloom deepened. Every girl got a little closer to her protector, and a few minutes later, when the second lamp began to show signs of collapse—the flame leaping up frantically as if afraid to die—about a dozen pianissimo screams came from as many feminine throats.

The conductor opened the door a few minutes later and the draught finished lamp number two. This left one lamp alight at the rear end of the car. How anxiously it was observed! Would it go out? It looked consumptive, but there was no draught to expedite its decease. At last the train whistled for its first stop and the little married man came out of his corner by the stove to alight. He had been a bachelor once, and he remembered it as he laid his hand on the door-knob. The train had not stopped, but he opened the door, and immediately a gust of wind murdered the last lamp. As he stood in the doorway inhaling cinders and river fog he had the satisfaction of hearing a sweet, low voice murmur behind him: "Oh, George, I was so afraid!"

"Of what, my darling?"

"That that lamp would never go out!"

Certainly.

Unsophisticated Texan—Hadn't I better shoot that young assassin with the new-fangled gun? He's been sneaking up on that feller an' his gal for the last fifteen minutes—a Texas jury wouldn't find no fault, you bet.

Jack Summerville—He ain't an assassin, Billy. He's an amateur-photographfiend. But you might as well shoot—I guess an Eastern jury won't find much fault, either.—The Jury.

ANIMALS' TOILETS.

Sand Baths and Water Baths for Birds and Beasts.

Brushes and combs most animals carry with them. Brilliantine also is carried in a small and handy reservoir by all ducks and divers. Mud serves for cold cream and vaseline; dust for fuller's earth and pearl powder, and water, as with us, is perhaps the most important necessary. But birds especially, says the London Spectator, are mighty particular about the quality of their "toilet dust," and equally nice as to the water in which they prefer to wash. Some use water only, some water or dust, others dust and no water. Partridges are a good example of the dusting birds, and are most careful in the selection of their dust baths. Dry loam suits them best. But perhaps their favorite place is a meadow where a few turfs have been removed. There they scratch out the loam, and shuffle backwards under the grass roots till their feathers are full of the cool earth. In wet weather they find, if possible, a heap of burnt ashes on the site of a weed fire, and dust there. Sparrows, on the contrary, always choose road dust, the dryest and finest possible. Larks also are fond of the road, and dust there in the early morning. But they, too, have their fancy, and choose the dry, gritty part, where the horse's hoofs tread. Wild ducks, though feeding by the salt water, prefer to wash in fresh water pools, and will fly long distances inland to running brooks and ponds, where they preen and wash themselves in the early morning. But though passing so much time on the water, ducks seem to prefer a shower bath to any other; and in heavy rain they may be seen opening their feathers and allowing the rain to soak in, after which they dress the whole surface with oil from the reservoir which we mentioned above. Swallows and martins are as nice in their choice of bath water as any "professional beauty;" nothing but newly fallen rain water thoroughly pleases them, and if tempted to bathe, it is generally by some shallow pool in the road which an hour's sun will evaporate.

We have never seen hawks or falcons bathing when wild. Trained birds, in good health, bathe almost daily, and the bath of a peregrine falcon is a very careful performance. But no nymph could be more jealous of a witness than these shy birds, and it is not until after many careful glances in every direction that the falcon descends from her block and wades into the shallow bath. Then, after more suspicious glances, she thrusts her broad head under the water and flings it on to her back, at the same time raising the feathers and letting the drops thoroughly soak them. After bathing head and back, she spreads her wings and tail fan-like on the water, and rapidly opens and shuts them, after which she stoops down and splashes the drops in every direction. The bath over, she flies once more to the block, and turning her back to the sun, spreads every feather of the wing and tail, raises those on the body, and assists the process of drying by a tremulous motion imparted to every quill, looking more like an old cormorant on a buoy than a peregrine.

Cats, large and small, make the most careful toilet of any class of animal, with the exception of some of the opossums. The lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the cat, wetting the dark, India-rubber-like ball of the fore foot and the inner toe, and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus at the same time a face sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body. Hares also use their feet to wash their faces, and the hare's foot is so suitable for a brush that it is always used to apply the "paint" to the face for the stage. One of the most charming pets we have kept, and the most particular as to washing and brushing its feet and fur, was a lovely, brown opossum from Tasmania. "Sooty phalangist," was, we believe, its scientific name; it was covered with deep rich brown fur, had a face something like a fox, a pink nose, hands with a nailless thumb, and long claws on the fingers. It washed its feet every two or three minutes. Water rats are very clean animals and wash and brush their faces "like Christians." We saw one this summer on a pond at Welling, in Kent, swim out to pick up the blossoms of an acacia tree which were falling on the water. After daintily eating each flower on the bank he licked his hands, wiped his mustaches and swam off for another. We also tried an acacia blossom, but except a slightly sweet flavor, could find nothing to account for the rat's taste for them. Sporting dogs which are used in mud, snow and wet, are strangely clever and quick in cleaning and drying their coats, and it is a sure sign that a dog has been over-tired if he shows any trace of mud or dirt next morning. Most of their toilet is done with the tongue, but they are very clever at using a thick box bush or the side of a haystack as a rough towel. One small spaniel which we allowed to live in the house was well aware that if he returned dirty he would not be admitted in-doors. About an hour before the close of the day's shooting he used to strike work and begin to clean himself; and if urged to do more, would slip off home and present himself neat and clean in the dining-room. One day the dog had been left at home, and his master returned and seated himself, wet, and with half-frozen drops of ice sticking to his gaiters, by the fire. Pan ran up and carefully licked off the frozen ice and snow, stopping every now and then to give an anxious look, which said as plainly as possible: "Dear me, if I don't get him clean quickly, he will be sent to lie in the stable."

Bessie Criswell's Heroism.

An extraordinary case of heroism is narrated in the Philadelphia Press. Bessie Criswell, aged fourteen, living three miles from Dauphin, was about to prepare supper last Wednesday when she found the fire in the cook stove very low. She poured coal oil on the kindling wood. It ignited, the can exploded and the burning oil set fire to her clothing and to the house. The girl ran to the spring-house twice while her clothes were blazing, secured a pail of water each time and put out the fire in the house. A third time she went to the spring and dipped her head and neck in the water. Then she ran to a small stream and threw herself in. Having extinguished the flames, she went to her mother, who was milking, and reported the matter. She was fatally burned, however, and died the next day. She sacrificed herself to save her home.

TO MY MOTHER.

How fair you are, my mother!
Ah, though 'tis many a year
Since you were here,
Still do I see your beauteous face,
And with the glow
Of your dark eyes cometh a grace
Of long ago.
So gently, too, my mother;
Just as of old, upon my brow,
Like benedictions now,
Falleth your dear hand's touch,
And still, as then,
A voice that glads me overmuch
Cometh again,
My fair and gentle mother.

How you have loved me, mother,
I have not power to tell—
Knowing full well
That even in the rest Above
It is your will
To watch and guard me with your love,
Loving me still.
And, as of old, my mother,
I am content to be a child,
By mother's love beguiled
From all these other charms;
So, to the last,
Within thy dear, protecting arms
Hold thou me fast,
My guardian angel, mother.
—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

A STRANGE CASE.

Why Wallace Harper Would Not Prove His Innocence.

"Prisoner at the bar, what have you to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

A solemn hush pervaded the court-room as the judge addressed the young man in the prisoner's dock as above.

Wallace Harper turned his gaze for an instant toward me. I had defended the young prisoner to the best of my ability and the outcome was a verdict of guilty. From the outset I expected this, although in my utmost soul I believed the unfortunate man innocent. Circumstantial evidence, however, had encompassed him round so completely, it was impossible to override it. I could give the prisoner no look of encouragement. I merely looked dumb, perhaps stolidly indifferent, although I was far from feeling so.

Wallace Harper rose slowly to his feet, until he towered full six feet of noble stature, and gazed fixedly at the judge. His face was pale as death, and when he opened his lips and spoke, the words sounded hollow and unnatural.

"Your honor, what can I say on an occasion like this? I was foredoomed from the start. Our family has always been unfortunate. My father was killed in battle (Gettysburg.) and my poor mother died of a broken heart. My eldest brother fell in one of the battles in the West, the youngest died of yellow fever at Memphis, some years ago, and *I* am the last of the race. I, it seems, am doomed to die on the gallows!"

He paused here, a hot flush shooting into either pale cheek. Would he break down and beg for mercy? It was not in keeping with his cool courage during the trial. I could not help pitying him, and feeling that it would have been much better had he refrained from speaking at all. I dared not look at his face for some moments. At length he was speaking again, and I ventured once more to look toward him. The flush had disappeared, and the prisoner's face was pallid as before.

"I know what the sentence must be, your honor," continued he, with awful calmness. "I have only this to say: I am an innocent man. I lay up nothing against the members of the jury. They thought they were performing a duty; but if there is a future life, in *that* future the truth will be with me, and I shall be vindicated."

He bowed his head and ceased to speak. His words had been impressive. To me they were convincing. I had moved for a new trial when the verdict had been rendered, on the previous day, and now had no more to say.

"Hanged by the neck until dead—Friday, November 9."

These were all the words that reached my ear. I rose to leave the room. The prisoner was led past. I glanced into his white face. A look of settled despair rested on every lineament. I bent forward and whispered a word of hope, mentioning the fact of my determination to move all the powers for a new trial. He said nothing, and soon the court-room was empty.

"It's justice. It was an infamous murder."

I started at sound of voices at my elbow. Two gentlemen were discussing the prisoner and his sentence.

I paused to listen.

"I knew Wallace Harper well. All of his family have died violent deaths. He had a good show with Donald Dunham. He had been with the old gentleman two years. I think the trouble was all on account of the girl, who they say is quite sick because of the death of her father."

"Did the girl think any thing of the clerk?"

"Some say so. I don't know. It seems 'twas on her account that Harper put poison in the old man's wine. It was a foolish as well as a wicked crime."

I walked on. The details of the murder had been recited too many times to interest me now. It had appeared on the trial that Harper was in love with his old employer's only daughter, and that Dunham had quarreled with his confidential clerk in consequence.

On the evening when he (Harper) was to depart Mr. Dunham called him into the library and requested him to drink a social glass of wine with him. It seem that Harper assented. An hour later Donald Dunham was dead. He had died in agony, and with his latest breath accused his clerk of having poisoned him. The dregs of one of the wine-cups were found to contain arsenic, the other being harmless. The confidential clerk was at once arrested, and in one of his pockets a package of arsenic was found. Such evidence was overwhelming. Wallace Harper sent for me, and I undertook his defense. I made as good a fight as possible under the circumstances.

The ante-mortem testimony of Donald Dunham, together with the fact that the two had quarreled, and the finding of the poison in the pocket of Harper, was evidence that I could not overcome.

I went from the court-room to my own pleasant home feeling a weight on my mind that I could not shake off. A few hours later a messenger came to me from the prisoner, requesting an interview.

I at once repaired to the jail.

Wallace Harper greeted me with a pleasant smile, and held out his hand.

"I am satisfied that you did all that a human being could do. Mr. Nelson, and I want to thank you for it, and to tell you that it is my wish that you do nothing toward securing a new trial."

I expressed my surprise at this.

"It would only postpone the inevitable," he said. "Ill luck runs in our family. I suppose I was born to be hung!" and the laugh that followed made my flesh creep.

"But you are innocent?" I said, a sudden doubt coming, unbidden, to my brain.

"I am innocent. I hope you will never doubt that, Mr. Nelson."

A little later I left him, promising not to urge a new trial. I was satisfied that a new trial could not be obtained, and I had only entertained the thought, to delay matters as long as possible.

It was two months to the 9th of November. Much might be done in that time if there had been any foundation on which to stand. As it was, I tried to dismiss the prisoner from my mind and attend to other business. I could not do this, however, and the days and weeks passed, until one day remained before the day set for the execution of the condemned. On this day I visited Wallace Harper once more.

He had lost flesh, and I could see that there was much inward suffering. I became fully convinced that something rested on his mind, and I urged him to make a clean breast of it.

"It could do no good," he declared. "I will die without speaking." And then I left him.

As I passed from the jail another visitor was announced—a vailed woman. It was doubtless the man's sweetheart, come to visit him for the last time. She had been too ill to appear at the trial, and I had never seen her to speak with her since.

The night before the day set for the vindication of the law I passed miserably. I felt that an innocent man was soon to be launched into eternity.

In the gray mists of the morning of November 9 a vailed female walked to my door. I answered the bell in person, and I admitted the visitor to my office-room. Being seated, she threw aside her vail, revealing a young face, pale and thin, and almost beautiful.

Before she spoke I knew that she was the daughter of the late Donald Dunham.

"Is it too late to save Wallace Harper?" she asked, in a tremulous voice.

"Certainly too late," I answered. "Of course, if there was new evidence, of a positive nature, going to show that some other person committed the crime for which he is to suffer, I've no doubt we might save the young man. But—"

"I have that evidence."

"You have? Why in Heaven's name did you not speak sooner, then?" I cried, in a stern voice.

"I dared not," she said, slowly. "I—I must speak now; the world must know the truth. Wallace Harper is innocent. It was *I* who did the deed."

Her whole frame shook like an aspen, and I could see that she was wrought up to an awful pitch of excitement. I could scarcely believe her words, however. It must be that she was driven mad on account of her lover's peril. I requested her to speak, however, and she did so, in rapid, low tones.

"It was *I* who did the deed. I hated to speak sooner. I loved my father, and I did not like to believe him capable of doing an evil deed. He did it, however. He invited Wallace to take wine with him that last evening. I saw him pour the wine, and I saw him drop a powder into one of the goblets. *Then* he called Wallace, and requested him to quaff with him.

"I did not know what the powder was, but an awful fear oppressed me. With a quick movement when father's back was turned I exchanged goblets, and father drained the one intended for his clerk. What followed you know. I was horrified when I learned that a deadly poison had been administered.

"I could not speak. My father a murderer! It was horrible. I realized that my hand had substituted the poison for his lips that he had intended for another. In the excitement of the moment Wallace picked up the folded paper containing the poison that lay near by and dropped it into his pocket, as he testified at the trial. In his dying moments my father cursed the name of Harper and accused him of murdering him.

"I fainted, I think, and I have been near to death since that. I have tried to bring myself to speak more than once, but have been unequal to the task. I am now anxious to have the truth known. Can you save Wallace? He is an innocent man."

There was no time to be lost. I sprang up at once. I visited a magistrate with Miss Dunham, and her affidavit was sent over the wires to the Governor.

We were none too soon. A reprieve was granted, and the facts at once investigated. Miss Dunham adhered to her story, and Wallace Harper corroborated it. He saw her move the glasses, but had refused to speak, lest he should criminate the girl he loved. That was his secret.

A thorough investigation was had, and the story told by the girl accepted. Wallace Harper went forth a free man, and he has since won an honorable place in the business world.

I saw him, five years afterward, for the first time since his narrow escape from the gallows.

"Yes, I am married," he said, when I brought up old times. "No, Miss Dunham is not my wife. Do you know, Mr. Nelson, I have always believed that *she* poisoned her father! I think her mad love unsettled her mind. At any rate, she is now an inmate of an asylum, and hopelessly insane."

It was a strange case. I always believed Harper innocent. As to Miss Dunham, I hold grave doubts.—J. M. Merrill, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Moral Reform in China.

The moral reformer of China is the "Provincial Treasurer of Soochow." He has issued a proclamation commanding managers of theaters in Shanghai to desist from the representation of immoral plays. Restaurants and other places of public interest must discontinue employing female performers. "Immoral plays," the Provincial Treasurer says, "excite the female mind, and sometimes lead women to imitate the wicked actions portrayed on the stage." Because theaters "have been established so long that it would be impossible to wean the public mind from them so far as to permit of abolishing them," all that can be done is to purge them from their "sensational, degrading and licentious" dramas.

Justice to a Peerless Woman.

Of all Thackeray's people, good and bad, there was not one who could be more surely trusted to make a half hour seem like fifteen minutes than Rebecca Sharpe.

FORMS OF SALUTATION.

The North American Indians do not have many conventional forms of salutation. Their etiquette generally is to meet in silence and smoke before speaking, the smoking being the real salutation. But a number of tribes—e. g., the Sheshoni, Caddo and Arikara—use a word or sound very similar to How! but in proper literation Hau or Hao. Most of the Sioux use the same sound in communication with the whites, from which the error has arisen that they have caught up and abbreviated the "How are you?" of the latter. But the word is ancient, used in councils, and means "good" or "satisfactory." It is a response as well as an address or salutation. The Navajos say, both at meeting and parting: "Agafani," an archaic word the etymology of which is not yet ascertained. Among the Cheroki the colloquy is as follows: No. 1 says: "Siyu" (good). No. 2 responds: "Siyu; tahigwatsu?" (good; are you in peace?). To this No. 1 says: "I am in peace, and how is it with you?" No. 2 ends by: "I am in peace also." Among the Zuni happiness is always asserted as well as implored. In the morning their greeting is: "How have you passed the night?" in the evening: "How have you come into the sunset?" The reply always is: "Happily." After a separation of even short durations, if more than one day, the question is asked: "How have you passed these many days?" The reply is invariably: "Happily," although the person addressed may be in severe suffering or dying. In quaint contrast with this Zuni custom is that of the Japanese, where the party visited asserts the prosperity of the visitor. The host and hostess politely ejaculate "Ohayo gozarismasu!"—"you have come quickly!"—which welcome is given even if the visitor has suffered delay and all kinds of mishaps. It is never contradicted. Perhaps our expression: "You have been long in coming," as indicating longing and waiting, is no more artificial.

The wish of salute is often specific, connected with circumstances of environment. The people of Cairo anxiously ask: "How do you perspire?" a dry skin being the symptom of the dreaded fever. In hot Persia the friendly wish is expressed: "May God cool your age!" —that is, give you comfort in declining years. In the same land originates the quaint form: "May your shadow never be less!" which does not apply, as often now used in Europe, to the size and plumpness of the body as indicating robust health, but to deprecate exposure to the noon sun, when all shadows are least.

The Genoese in their time of prosperity used the form "Health and gain!" In some of the Polynesian isles the prayer for coolness is carried into action, it being the highest politeness to fling a jar of water over a friend's head. According to Humboldt the morning salute on the Orinoco is: "How have the mosquitoes used you?" The old religious views of the Persians are found in their wishes: "Live forever!" and (still retained in Spain, probably a direct legacy from the Moors), "May you live a thousand years!" They believe only in this life, and that through Divine favor it might be unlimited.

The Chinese sojourners in Utah fell into a curious blunder in using some of our phrases. On meeting a resident at any time of day or night they called out: "Good-morning!" and on parting "Good-night!" even if it were before breakfast; A similar error in imitation was made by the Zuni. When the officers from Fort Wingate visited the Pueblo they were naturally anxious to reach the trader's store, so they called out to the first person met: "How are you? Where's the store?" The Zuni caught up all the sounds as one greeting, and in the kindness of their hearts shouted them to all subsequent visitors. The salutation "How-are-you-give-me-a-match," has a like explanation.

Moslems, while scrupulously saluting the meanest of their own communion, refuse all friendly greetings to the Jews. If inadvertently they have accosted one of that people with "Peace be unto you," or the like, they will hastily add "Death to you!" to which the Jew may respond, pretending to have heard only the beginning, by "The same to you!" in a spirit somewhat different from that in which the same words are used by us in answer to "Many happy returns!" on birthday and other anniversaries. It may be mentioned that where the Jews are in power they give no salute whatever to one of the Goim, but scowl at him.

BRIDGET'S ULTIMATUM.

The Astonished Mistress Elected to Stay and the Cook Left.

A young lady of one of our suburbs who married recently and went to a Connecticut city to live reports a remark on the part of a servant girl, says the Boston Transcript, which is quite epic in that line. The lady, having a large house and being desirous of running it in good form, called up her cook each day to the dining-room, which was on the main floor, the kitchen being in the basement, and there gave her her orders for the meals and other matters connected with the down-stairs work. For a day or two the cook took the orders with a rather bad grace, but committed no overt act of insurrection. But presently, one day after the mistress had finished her orders, the cook spoke up.

"And now, mum," she said, "I want ye to listhen to what I have to say, an' it's this: That if ye're go'an' to shtay here, an' ye have ordhers to give me, ye'll have to come down-shtairs to the basement, for I'll not be comin' up here to ye anny more."

Before the young mistress could recover her breath after that "If ye're go'an' to shtay," the girl went on:

"An' there's another thing I want to tell ye. I notice that ye have wine on the tebble aich day, but that none of it whativer gets down-shtairs to the kitchen. Now, that's nayther roight nor fair, an' I give ye warnin' that some of that wine must find its way to the kitchen or I'll be lavin' ye."

The mistress had by this time recovered her composure. "You may be lavin' me this afternoon, please!" she said.

The greatest diving feat ever achieved was in moving the cargo of the ship Cape Horn, wrecked off the coast of South America, when a diver, named Hooper, made seven descents to a depth of 201 feet, remaining at one time forty-two minutes under the water. Siebe states that the greatest depth to which a man has been known to descend will not exceed 210 feet, which would be equivalent to a pressure of 88¼ pounds per square inch.

VARIETIES.

GIRLS is great on making bleeve. She will make bleeve a doll is a live baby. She will make bleeve she is orfull sweet on another girl or fellow, if they come to see her, and when they are gone she will say, "Horrid old thing."

"GEORGE," said the railroad magnate, "we all think a great deal of you, and we like to have you visit Susan every night when you can. We like to have you stay as late as convenient, too, but sometimes when it gets to be two o'clock, and you still decline to break away, I wish you had been fitted out like my new locomotives—with an improved spark arrester."

CHARY OF HER REPUTATION.—Old lady to the grocer (whose boy had accidentally deposited her dressed chickens on a pile of limburger cheese)—No, don t move them chickens; let 'em lay there; they'll go back hum; they was killed and picked last night, but I guess the weather was tew hot for 'em; no; nobody shall ever say that Aunt Hanner Beard ever sold spiled hens—never!"

HE (just introduced)—Perfectly charming night. I have seldom seen the stars look so bright. Are you fond of astronomy? She—N-no; I have never studied it. He—You dote on botany, I presume? She—I have never studied that, either. He—Do you like geology? She—I don't know anything about it. He—Ah! You are an enthusiast on one or more of the arts, no doubt—music, painting, sculpture, wood-carving, or repousse work? She—I don't know a thing about any of them. I'm a perfect ignoramus. He—Angelic creature! Will you be my wife?

"I WISH you would announce in your paper," said a tall woman with brindled hair, "that the ladies of the Steenth Hallelujah Church will give a fair to morrow."

"Certainly," said the editor. "In the basement of the church?"

"Yes. We intend raffling off a—"

"Raffling? Ah, that alters the case. I am sorry, but we won't be able to make that announcement for you."

"Why, what—"

"If we insert the announcement we are liable to have our paper excluded from the mails as containing a lottery notice. Sorry, but such is the law."

A LADY up on Aristocracy Avenue, if you know where that is, had a domestic from the Ould Sod working for her, who had the Emerald brogue on her speech to an alarming extent.

The other day a caller inquired of her at the door if her mistress was in.

"She is that," said Biddy.

"Can I see her?" asked the caller.

"You can't at all. She's D-hurty."

"She's what?"

"Sure, she's D hurty, and can't see ye."

But the lady of the house, who had been listening at the head of the stairs, came to the rescue, and apologized by explaining that she had given instructions that she was not dressed to receive callers.—*Adrian Times.*

AN incident occurred recently at the Roosevelt street ferry office which illustrates how one man can make another's life miserable with little exertion. One evening the collector shoved out to a passenger 32 three cent pieces and one cent in exchange for a dollar, after deducting the fare which was three cents. The collector grinned and thought he had played a good joke on the passenger, who took the money without a protest, but made up his mind to get even with the joker if possible. He thought hard for three days, and at last hit on a scheme. Sharpening the end of a file he nicked one side of each three cents. Every morning and evening in going to and from his work he placed a three-cent piece in the palm of his hand and slapped it firmly down in front of the collector. At these times there was always a rush. In his hurry the collector tried to slide the money along with the tips of his finger nails, mattering blessings on the head of the man who annoyed him. This was kept up for 32 days until the nicked pieces were all exhausted. But even to this day the collector always picks up a three-cent piece with his finger nails, so strong has the habit become.

THE ESPIONAGE WAS COSTLY.—A good story is reported from Paris respecting the treatment of private correspondence, which reminds one of a practice of political espionage which it was believed had disappeared with the empire. During the presidential crisis a jeweler's agent sent letters regularly to his principal at Rennes. It was found that his letters were opened by the political police.

The correspondent one day hit upon the happy idea of registering his letter as one containing 100 francs, in order to secure its being delivered to its recipient without being previously opened and read. Of course, no 100 franc note was inclosed. The latter duly arrived at its destination, with its seals in perfect order; but the envelope contained, besides the usual missive, one of those neat blue notes with the representation of the republic and the figure 100 upon its face.

It is assumed that the surreptitious readers of the letter came to the conclusion that they must have dropped the bank note in opening the envelope, and, under the circumstances, thought it best, in order to prevent disagreeable investigations, to pay for their inquisitiveness. It is not stated whether the recipient of this handsome recompense to outraged privacy experienced any scruples in accepting the donation.

Girls is always fooling a feller. She can't lick yer, so she gets the best of yer that way.

If yer don't do what a girl tells yer, she says yer horrid. I'd rather be horrid than be soft. If you do what a girl tells yer, you will do all sorts of foolish things.

Girls can be good in school every day if they feel like it. I shud think they wud get tired and have to do something once in a while; I know a feller does. Girls say fellers act orful, but when a girl gits a going it she acts orfler than any feller durst. They don't care for nothing.

If a girl wants a feller to carry her books home, she ain't satisfied unless she gets the same feller the other girls wants, whether she likes him or not.

Girls is great on having secrets. I mean telling secrets. They make a secret out of nothing at all, and then tell it round to all the other girls, orful quiet, just as if it was something dreadful.

Girls always gits their goggerfy lessons better than a feller, but if they are going anywhere they are sure to git lost.

If two fellers has a fite, the girls all go for the feller that licks, no matter whether he is good for anything else or not.

If a girl don't feel like doing a thing you can't make her, no matter whether she orter or not. If she won't she won't, and she will get out of it somehow. This is all I know about girls this time.

A VILLAGE PICTURE.—A correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune*, who sends that paper some rambling notes of a pedestrian trip up the Connecticut River valley, gives a pleasantly humorous account of a night's stay in a village he calls Clear Brook, in Massachusetts.

It was a cold night, and there was a roaring big fire in a round stove. The landlord took off his surplice and sat down with me by the fire, and told me he had a clerk, who was usually on duty, but that he had gone out in the country a couple of miles after a load of hay for the cow. While we were sitting there a tall man, wearing a red shirt, came in and looked around a moment, and said: "Amos, I'll sign those papers now," then he disappeared through a door near the end of the counter, and the landlord got up so quickly that his chair fell over backward, and then he rushed around behind the counter and dived through another door. Each closed the door behind him, and they were gone about three minutes, when each came out of his door and they made change over the counter, and the tall man went out. The landlord sat down and began talking again, but soon two men came in, one carrying a lantern and the other a long whip with a lash cut out of a boot-leg. One of them looked hard at me, and then said: "Amos, less sign them papers and have it done with," then they went through the door at the end of the counter and the landlord jumped up and dived through the door behind the counter, and again they were gone about three minutes, and when they came out they made change over the counter. The landlord's wife, who was about six inches taller than he was and a woman that any one could see would never let a cow kick her and not resent it, now came in and announced that supper was ready. I was taken in and seated at a long table, at which plates had been laid for 26, but I was the only one. Soon, however, a dyspeptic-looking man came in and sat down opposite me, and after awhile the landlord came in and took a seat at a round table near at hand; but he was not allowed to finish his meal in peace, as a man with very gray hair and a very red nose put his head in the door and said that he would sign them papers now if it was agreeable, and the landlord spilt his tea in the butter dish and ran out, and I heard him diving through his door. I ventured to inquire of the dyspeptic man in a roundabout sort of a way how it happened that the landlord had so much legal business on hand just then. The dyspeptic man looked at me kind of pityingly and went on eating pumpkin pie and doughnuts. When he had finished two pieces of pie and four doughnuts he looked at me hard and said: "Prohibition don't always prohibit," and got up and walked out very solemnly. The landlord came back in, and I remarked that somebody had told me that Clear Brook was a no-license town. He said that I had been rightly informed, and then he went out in the kitchen after another cup of tea while I went back in the office.

Chaff.

How good a man is to his wife the first day after she has caught him doing something wrong!

A small Boston girl of three, after a visit in the country, remarked wistfully: "I wish we had a house out of doors."

The popularity of Ward McAllister's book has been nearly as short-lived as any railroad president's agreement.

The most bashful girl ever heard of was the young lady who blushed when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep.

Mrs. Fleecy—What did you do to make your husband stop playing poker. Mrs. Downey—Gave him a stove poker for an antedote.

Just Like Newspaper Work.—Farmer—You went over this ground last week with the plow, didn't you? Hired Man—Yep. Farmer—Well, to-day you can look after the harrowing details.

Editor (to reporter)—Mr. Pennibs, I must caution you to avoid tautology. Reporter—Have I used a tautological expression, sir? Editor—Yes; in this article you speak of "female shoppers."

"I'm afraid women won't be successes as doctors." "I can't see why." "Because they can't be made to understand the important but quiet part the tongue plays in medical science."

Bronson (to the editor of the Boomtown Banner)—That was a pretty tough story about the cyclone. I don't know how you managed to swallow it. Editor—Well, you know I have patent insides.

The woman who accepts in ungrateful silence the seat that is proffered her in a crowded horse-car is less embarrassing than the one who protests that she would really prefer to stand up and sticks to it.

"John," said Mr. Stingy's wife, "I wouldn't buy any more $2 trousers, if I were you." "Why not?" "This last pair you bought are the identical ones I sold the ragman six weeks ago for fifty cents."

Bingo—If I were rich for just one little hour! Kingley—I should like to know what good that would do you? Bingo—Well, I'd spend just about 55 minutes in making my property over to my wife.

The Lady or the Mitten?—Jack Hustle—Will you marry me? Rita Rustle—This is so sudden—give me time. Jack Hustle—You can't afford to waste any more time. You must be 26 now. Say yes, Rita.

Viewing the Angelus.—He—What does it all mean? She—Why, don't you see? They are stopping their work to listen to the church bell. He—Oh, yes, I see. That's the way we used to do in the navy yard—knock off at the first stroke of the bell.

"A man paid $3 for a barrel of apples. He sold half of them for $3.50 and the rest of them decayed on his hands. How much did he lose?" asked the teacher?" "He didn't lose nothing," bawled out a farmer's boy in the class; "he worked 'em up into cider."

An Expensive Interview.—Reporter—The expenses were $3 on that story. Editor—Eh—how's that? Reporter—Why, you should know a politician couldn't tell a story as long as that without getting dry; and this fellow was a Kentuckian who got dry at every paragraph.

Mr. Higgins—And the founder of your family came over with the Conqueror? So did mine. They must have been friends. Miss Davenport—Yes, of course it is possible that my ancestor may have known some of the people in the steerage, but it does not follow, you know."

Elderly Lady (to platform guard at Boston & Albany station)—Which car do I want to take? Polite Railroad Man—You will pardon me, madam, for answering your question with another, but the solution of the proposition depends, to a somewhat broad extent, on where you want to go.

Editor (to Miss Oldgirl, aged about 40)—Your work shows promise, madam, but do you know that good literary work is seldom done by a woman until she is 30 or 35? Several years hence you will be able to write available articles. Miss Oldgirl (as she leaves)—That was the most delightful man I ever met.

It is announced that by a new process a $75 dog can be boiled down and converted into a cent's worth of glue. It is not likely that this discovery will induce many owners of $75 dogs to convert the animals into glue as a money-making scheme. A great need of the day is a plan whereby a five-cent dog may be boiled down and converted into $75 worth of glue.

TRANSFERS OF SHEEP.

Below will be found a list of sales of sheep recorded in Michigan Merino Sheep Breeders' Association:

C E Southwell to E A Landon, Springport, rams C E Southwell 173, 174; to J. R. Keeney, Tipton, rams C E Southwell 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 227, 233, 209.

L A Bird to Chas Johnson, Vassar, ewes L A Bird 8, 13, O C Beals 80, G W Stuart 469.

O C Sample to Henry Cornell, Tyrone, ewes O C Sample 4, 6, 22, 24, L S 1, 88; to Amos Bentley, Walled Lake, ram W Ball 614; to Robt Malcolm, Commerce, ram O C Sample 19; to Thos Gilchrist, Walled Lake, ram O C Sample 13; to Linc. Benjamin, Walled Lake, ram O C Sample 21.

Rock Bailey to Geo Deo, New Sarum, Ont., ram R Bailey 35.

Amos Bentley to O C Sample, Wixom, rams A Bentley 25, 27, 29, 33, 35; to Geo Nichols, Novi, ewes A Bentley 4, 8; to Linc. Benjamin, Commerce, ewes T S & Son 415, 437.

Thos. Smith to M Cushman, Bath, ram T Smith 127; to Pat Price, Merrill, ewe T Smith 31.

T M Southworth to H Wooden, Adamsville, ram T M S 350; to O Fisk, Angola, Ind., ram T M S 319; to Ely & Persing, West Unity, O., ram T M S 345; to J Sample, Constantine, ram T M S 341; to Geo McCormick, Albion, ram T M S 324.

Geo Ashley to F Fisk, Otisco, ram G Ashley 14; to J F Vanderbeck, Smyrna, ewes J Stickney 385, G Ashley 158, 154, 156, 164, 188, 207.

N E Severance to J P Hewitt, Okemos, ram N E S 27; to O B Stillman, Okemos, ram N E S 37.

T W Sprague to John Carr, Battle Creek, ram T W Sprague 87; to Ed. Evans, Battle Creek, ram T W Sprague 88.

G S Wood & Son to John Stone, Hillsdale, ewes J Hoyt 44, 45, 46, 48, 50, 51, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59.

And. McGregor to North West, Atica, ram A McGregor 178.

Jas McGregor to Robt McIlican, Dryden, ram J McGregor 137.

W W Williams to W J Mesler, Deveraux, ram F & L E Moore 315; to W E Kennedy, Somerset, rams W W Williams 1, 11; to Geo Shideman, Eaton Rapids, ram W W Williams 5; to Isaac Mosely, Onondaga, ram W W Williams 9.

H H Smith to Fred Smith, South Lyon, ram C H & H H Smith 61; to Wm Gadd, Clinton, rams C H & H H Smith 64, 73, 77, 80, 81, 90, 96, 98, 100, 101, 105, 109.

J Chilson to W F Cowhan, Jackson, ram J Chilson 135.

E. N. BALL, Secretary.

Veterinary Department

Conducted by prof. Robert Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon. Professional advice through the columns of the Michigan Farmer to all regular subscribers Free. The full name and address will be necessary that we may identify them as subscribers. The symptoms should be accurately described to ensure correct treatment. No questions answered professionally by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. Private address, No. 201 First St Detroit, Mich.

Probably Foot Lameness in a Horse.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Nov. 21, 1890.

Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have a mare that has been lame for about four weeks! was running in pasture when taken. Is lame in her right fore leg; she does not limp when walking nor favor that leg when standing. I think it is in her foot what can I do for her.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—In the absence of symptoms to aid us in diagnosing diseases in our dumb patients, we depend upon the nurse or assistant in care of the ailing animal to assist us, by carefully describing the symptoms of disease as noticeable in the animal, thus giving something upon which to base our diagnosis. In the above case the animal is reported lame, but no diagnostic symptoms are given except that the animal does not favor the leg when standing," upon which report we will take the risk, and diagnose the seat of lameness in the foot. But the cause is simply speculative. We would suggest taking the animal to the shoeing shop, have the foot examined for corns, contraction of the hoofs, canker of the frog, stone bruise, etc. In the absence of any such cause, we would under the circumstances suggest the application of the following ointment all around the coronet, one application only: Ointment of bin iodide of mercury; rubbing it well in all around the coronet. In two or three days dress with vaseline or lard. Place the animal loose in a large box stall or paddock.

Commercial.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, November 29, 1890.

FLOUR.—All grades are higher except rye. Quotations on car lots are as follows:

Michigan roller process	4 50 @4 60
Michigan patents	4 90 @5 00
Minnesota, bakers	4 50 @4 75
Minnesota, patents	5 50 @5 75
Rye	3 85 @4 00
Low grades	3 00 @4 00

WHEAT.—The market was weak yesterday and declined from opening prices, closing at about the lowest prices reached. New York, Chicago and St. Louis were all lower. Quotations at the close yesterday were as follows: No. 1 white, 94c; No. 2 white, 93c; No. 3 white, 82c; No. 2 red, 95¼c; No. 3 red, 90c. Closing prices on futures were as follows: No. 2 red, December, 95¼c; May $1 02¼ ℔ bu.

CORN.—Market higher. Quoted as follows: No. 2, 54c; No. 3, 51½c; No. 2 yellow, 56c; No. 3 yellow, 54½c. In futures, December sold at 53¾c, and May at 54¾c.

OATS.—Market higher. Quoted as follows: No. 2 white, 48¾c; No. 2 mixed, 48c; light mixed, 48c per bu.

BARLEY.—Firm at $1 30@1 50 per cental, outside for No. 2. Receipts for the week, 20,974 bu., against 20,912 bu. the previous week; shipments, 3,600 bu., against 11,486 bu. the previous week.

RYE.—Quoted at 72c per bu. for No. 2, and firm.

FEED.—Winter bran quoted at $17 00 per ton; coarse middlings, $17@17 25; fine, $19@19 50 per ton.

BUTTER.—Quotations are as follows: Extra dairy, 20c; good to choice, 18@19c; creamery, 22@25c ℔ ℔. Market steady.

CHEESE.—Michigan full creams held at 10½@11c ℔ ℔., and steady.

EGGS.—Steady at 23c per doz. Receipts still light. These prices were paid at the Faltis market, 301 Woodward Ave.

HONEY.—Quoted at 15@17c for comb. Extracted, 7@9c.

BEESWAX.—Quoted at 36@37c ℔ ℔.

HAY.—Hay is weak at $10 for No. 1 timothy, $8 for No. 2, $8 for No. 1 clover and $7 for No. 2 ℔ ton in car lots.

STRAW.—Quoted at $5@5 25 per ton.

BEANS.—Quoted at $2 05@2 10 per bu. for hand-picked stock. Unpicked sell at $1 25@1 75 per bu. Out of store prices are 5@10c higher. Market firm.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.—Quoted at $3 per cwt., and inactive.

CLOVER SEED.—Market unchanged. Prime quoted at $4 00 per bu. For future delivery December sold at $4 00. No. 2 sells at $3 50.

TIMOTHY SEED.—Quiet at $1. 45 per bu. for prime.

SALT.—Michigan, 75c per bbl. in car lots, or 85c in 10-bbl. lots; dairy, $1 80@2 10 per bbl.; Ashton quarter sacks, 73c.

HIDES.—Green city, 4c ℔ ℔., country, 4½c; cured, No. 1, 5@5½c; No. 2, 4@4½c; calf, No. 1, 7½c; No. 2, 6½c; veal kip, No. 1, 5@6c; runners and No. 2, 3@4c; sheepskins, 50c@$1 75 as to quantity of wool.

POTATOES.—Market more active at 75@78c per bu. for State in car lots, and from store at 80@85c.

FOREIGN FRUITS.—Lemons, Messinas, ℔ box, $5 50@6; oranges, Jamaicas, $7@7 50 ℔ bbl.; bananas, yellow, ℔ bunch, $1 25@2 00. Figs, 12@12½c for layers, 14c for new. Cocoanuts, ℔ 100, $5 00. Persian dates, new, 6@6½c ℔ ℔. by the box.

DRIED FRUIT.—Apples quoted at 9@9½c for common, and 13@14c ℔ ℔. for evaporated.

APPLES.—Fairly active and held at $2 50@3 per bbl., with fancy stock bringing $3 50. The supply was ample, and only very fancy lots bring top prices.

GRAPES.—Catawbas are selling at 4½c per ℔.

ONIONS.—Quoted at 80@90c ℔ bu., and $2 50 ℔ bbl. Market very dull.

CABBAGE.—Quoted at $2 00@2 50 per 100 in car-loads, and dull.

POP CORN.—Quoted at 4½@5c per lb. for old Rice.

POULTRY.—The following prices were paid yesterday at the Faltis market, 301 Woodward Avenue: Fowls, 7@8c ℔ ℔.; chickens, 7@8c; ducks 9c; turkeys, 10@11c; pigeons, 20c per pair; squabs 25c per pair. The market is in fair shape, and while the supply is large so far it has not accumulated to any extent.

DRESSED VEAL.—Quoted at 6½@8c ℔ ℔.

CRANBERRIES.—Cape Cod, $3 50@3 75 ℔ bu. Market firm and offerings light.

GAME.—Partridge, 50@75c ℔ pair; woodcock, $2 50@3 ℔ doz. Ducks, Mallard, 65@75c, and common, 20@35c per pair. Snipe, nominal at $1 25 ℔ doz.; squirrels, $1@1 25 ℔ doz.; rabbits, 8@10c each; venison, per lb., saddles, 8½@9c; carcass, 6@6½c; bear carcass, 8c.

DRESSED HOGS.—Lower. Now quoted at $4 50@4 75 per 100. Receipts by wagon quite liberal.

PROVISIONS.—Mess pork has declined; shoulders are lower, as are also dried beef hams. No other changes have taken place. Quotations are as follows:

Mess, new	11 50@11 75
Family	12 00@12 25
Short clear	12 25@12 50
Lard in tierces, ℔ ℔	5½@ 5¾
Lard in kegs, ℔ ℔	6 @ 6¼
Pure lard, in tierces	7½@ 7¾
Hams, ℔ ℔	10½@ 10¾
Shoulders, ℔ ℔	6¼@ 6½
Choice bacon, ℔ ℔	8 @ 8½
Extra mess beef, new ℔ bbl	6 50 @ 7 00
Plate beef	7 50 @ 7 75
Dried beef hams	8 25 @ 8 50
Tallow, ℔ ℔	@ 4

HAY.—The following is a record of the sales at the Michigan Avenue scales for the week up to Friday noon, with price per ton:

Monday—21 loads: Six at $13 and $12; three at $13 50; two at $14; one at $14 50, $12 50, $11 50 and $11.

Tuesday—24 loads: Five at $14; four at $13 and $12 50; two at $15, $13 50, $11 50 and $11; one at $14 50 $12 and $10 50.

Wednesday—21 loads: Six at $14; four at $13; three at $12 50; two at $12 and $10 50; one at $15, $13 50, $12 25 and $11 50.

Thursday—None.

Friday—18 loads: Six at $14; three at $14 50; two at $15, $13, $12 50 and $12; one at $13 25.

TO DROVERS.

We wish to notify the drovers of Michigan and other parties interested, that hereafter what hogs we buy in this market will be purchased at the Michigan Central Stock Yards. Our buyers will be at the yards at any time there are hogs on sale, but the regular market days will be Thursdays and Fridays. We want your hogs and will pay all that the market will stand for them. Last week we paid from 30 to 40 cents more for hogs than they brought at the other yards, and this week the difference is fully 10@15 cents per hundred. The facilities for doing business at these yards, and the comfort in doing it are our only reasons for deciding on this course.

PARKER, WEBB, & CO.
HAMMOND, STANDISH, & CO.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

King's Yards.

CATTLE.

The receipts of cattle at these yards for the past week numbered 551 head. There was a fair attendance of buyers, and the supply being light, prices were generally a shade higher than those of one week ago. The quality was about of the same class as has been coming forward for several weeks past, there being no good cattle among the receipts.

Gerber sold McGee a mixed lot of 33 head of thin butchers stock av 769 lbs at $2 25.

Loosemore sold McGee a mixed lot of 32 head of thin butchers stock av 755 lbs at $2 30.

Simmons sold McGee a mixed lot of 26 head of coarse butchers stock av 746 lbs at $2.

White sold McIntire a mixed lot of 9 head of fair butchers stock av 774 lbs at $2 40 and 3 bulls to Fleischman av 963 lbs at $1 90.

Haley sold J Wreford 2 fair butchers steers av 965 lbs at $3 25; 2 good cows av 1,125 lbs at $2 75 and one weighing 940 lbs at $2 50.

C Roe sold Sullivan 16 stockers av 707 lbs at $2 25.

Nelson sold McGee a mixed lot of 6 head of thin butchers stock av 785 lbs at $2 25 and 4 bulls av 745 lbs at $1 75.

White sold Sullivan 10 stockers av 721 lbs at $2 40.

Standlick sold H Roe a mixed lot of 5 head of fair butchers stock av 776 lbs at $2 40.

Pinaney sold Sullivan 12 stockers av 675 lbs at $2 20 and a mixed lot of 9 head of thin butchers stock to John Robinson av 800 lbs at $2 20.

Sprague sold McGee a mixed lot of 23 head of coarse butchers stock av 780 lbs at $2 10 and 2 bulls av 1,055 lbs at $1 75.

Estep sold Sullivan 5 stockers av 778 lbs at $2 40 and a mixed lot of 12 head of thin butchers stock to Bussell av 943 lbs at $2 25.

Wietzel sold McGee a mixed lot of 5 head of coarse butchers stock av 784 lbs at $1 95 and 4 bulls to Brooka av 907 lbs at $1 80.

Holmes sold Sullivan 14 stockers av 680 lbs at $2 30.

Bliss sold Kamman a mixed lot of 8 head of coarse butchers stock av 775 lbs at $2.

C Roe sold Storehouse a mixed lot of 14 head of fair butchers stock av 875 lbs at $2 50.

Hymes sold John Robinson 4 coarse cows and bulls av 1,115 lbs at $1 90.

White sold Wm Wreford & Co 5 thin cows av 1,048 lbs at $2 05.

McHugh sold Sullivan 2 feeders av 1,080 lbs at $2 75; 2 stockers av 667 lbs at $2 and a bull weighing 1,520 lbs at $2 25.

Holmes sold Stonehouse a mixed lot of 6 head of thin butchers stock av 758 lbs at $2 20.

Shaw sold Wm Wreford & Co a mixed lot of 4 head of thin butchers stock av 867 lbs at $2 25 and a bull weighing 750 lbs at $1 60.

Newton sold Sullivan 5 feeders av 830 lbs at $2 75, and 7 stockers av 667 lbs at $2 50.

C Roe sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 11 head of coarse butchers stock av 1,082 lbs at $1 60; 9 to Fleischman av 698 lbs at $2 and 11 feeders to Burt Spencer av 828 lbs at $2 50.

Wheeler sold McGee 4 cows and bulls av 1,105 lbs at $1 80.

Switzer & Ackley sold Genther 2 fair steers and 2 heifers av 970 lbs at $3 10 and 3 bulls to Brooka av 907 lbs at $2.

Haley sold Bussell a mixed lot of 5 head of coarse butchers stock av 608 lbs at $2.

McHugh sold Bussell a mixed lot of 6 head of fair butchers stock av 903 lbs at $2 40 and 8 coarse ones to Stucker av 540 lbs at $2.

SHEEP.

The offerings of sheep numbered 967 head. The demand for sheep was fairly active, but prices were 10@15 cents per hundred lower than those of last week.

Pinkney sold Wm Wreford & Co 123 av 79 lbs at $3 75.

Robb sold Morey 85 av 77 lbs at $3 55.

Patrick sold Burt Spencer 126, part lambs, av 70 lbs at $4 25.

Murphy sold Fitzpatrick 57 av 72 lbs at $3 15.

Nelson sold Fitzpatrick 70 lambs av 70 lbs at $5 15.

Haley sold sold Fitzpatrick 33, mostly lambs, av 73 lbs at $5 10.

C Roe sold Burt Spencer 100, part lambs, av 71 lbs at $3 75.

Switzer & Ackley sold Young 50 part lambs av 80 lbs at $4 35.

Bohm sold Burt Spencer 39 av 71 lbs at $3 50 and 22 culls av 69 lbs at $2 35.

Murphy sold Kalaher 144 av 85 lbs at $3 85.

HOGS.

The offerings of hogs numbered 1,365 head. The demand for hogs was active and sales were made at an advance of 15@20 cents over the prices paid at these yards last week.

Pinkney sold Hiller 27 av 200 lbs at $3 60.

Estep sold Sprague 69 av 190 lbs at $3 40.

McHugh sold Taube 162 av 190 lbs at $3 60.

Holmes sold Sullivan 127 av 194 lbs at $3 50, less $9 on the lot.

Wetzel sold Sullivan 92 av 154 lbs at $3 35.

Wheeler sold Traver 42 av 193 lbs at $3 60.

Eldridge sold R S Webb 154 av 190 lbs at $3 45.

Haley sold Sullivan 29 av 173 lbs at $3 40.

Nelson sold Sullivan 32 av 200 lbs at $3 50.

C Roe sold Steele 72 av 190 lbs at $3 60.

Sprague sold R S Webb 51 av 161 lbs at $3 50.

Longcor sold R S Webb 57 av 144 lbs at $3 55.

C Roe sold R S Webb 48 av 179 lbs at $3 50 and 12 av 102 lbs at $3 25.

At the Michigan Central Yards.

CATTLE.

The market opened up at these yards with a light supply of cattle, but enough to meet the wants of the trade. Poultry has been quite plenty and comparatively cheap this week, and this has had a depressing effect on the meat trade. The demand for cattle was slow and the receipts were closed out at about last week's prices. The following were the closing

QUOTATIONS:

Fancy steers weighing 1,500 to 1,650 lbs	4 25@4 50
Extra graded steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,450	$3 75@4 25
Choice steers, fine, fat and well formed, 1,100 to 1,300 lbs	3 75@4 00
Good steers, well fatted, weighing 950 to 1,100	3 25 4 00
Good mixed butchers' stock—Fat cows, heifers and light steers	2 60@2 85
Coarse mixed butchers' stock—Light thin cows, heifers, stags and bulls	1 75@2 25
Stockers	2 00@2 40
Bulls	1 50@2 25
Veal calves	4 00@5 00

Wyman sold Sullivan a mixed lot of 12 head of thin butchers stock av 810 lbs at $2 30; 4 stockers av 752 lbs at $2 50 and a bull weighing 780 lbs at $1 80.

Lovewell sold Burt Spencer 5 feeders av 830 lbs at $2 60 and 3 bulls to John Robinson av 1,530 lbs at $2 25.

Stabler sold Sullivan 8 fair butchers steers av 1,131 lbs at $3 25.

Smith sold Sullivan a mixed lot of 9 head of good butchers stock av 770 lbs at $2 75 and 5 stockers av 752 lbs at $2 50.

Talmage sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 6 head of coarse butchers stock av 760 lbs at $2 10; 5 feeders to Sullivan av 824 lbs at $2 50 and a bull weighing 1,430 lbs at $1 75.

Burlingame sold Sullivan a bull weighing 1,380 lbs at $1 60.

Capwell sold Sullivan 4 feeders av 807 lbs at $2 50 and 6 stockers av 631 lbs at $2 25.

Banfield sold Wm Wreford & Co a mixed lot of 9 head of thin butchers stock av 625 lbs at $2 30.

Capwell sold Sullivan 5 bulls and stockers av 762 lbs at $1 85.

Stabler sold Wm Wreford & Co 3 good cows av 1,233 lbs at $2 70.

Clark sold Wm Wreford & Co 3 fair heifers av 966 lbs at $3 and a coarse cow weighing 1,120 lbs at $2.

Jedele sold Sullivan 14 feeders av 1,080 lbs at $2 75 and 5 fair cows av 1,220 lbs at $2 25.

Morris sold Newton a mixed lot of 8 head of coarse butchers stock av 915 lbs at $2.

Bullen sold Sullivan 3 fair cows av 1,183 lbs at $2 35 and 10 bulls av 890 lbs at $1 90.

SHEEP.

There was a fair run of sheep. The demand was a little slow and prices were 10@15 cents lower than those of last week. Some of the sellers were not satisfied with the prices offered and shipped east.

O'Hara sold Monahan 103 av 75 lbs at $3 50.

Clement sold Burt Spencer 31 lambs av 69 lbs at $5.

Jedele sold The Michigan Beef Co 12 av 97 lbs at $4 and 34 lambs av 65 lbs at $5.

Spicer sold John Robinson 51, part lambs, av 71 lbs at $4.

Capwell sold Wm Wreford & Co 97, part lambs, av 69 lbs at $3 75.

Detman sold The Michigan Beef Co 113, part lambs, av 70 lbs at $4 40.

Balderson sold Burt Spencer 30, part lambs, av 72 lbs at $4 10.

C Roe sold Burt Spencer 102 av 83 lbs at $3 75.

Capwell sold Lovewell 40 av 95 lbs at $3 50.

Banfield sold Burt Spencer 58 av 74 lbs at $4 and 79 lambs av 64 lbs at $5.

HOGS.

The run of hogs was the largest of season. There was four buyers in the market and trading was active from start to finish. Price for the best lots were fully 10 cents higher than those of last week and common lots sold stronger.

Tubbs sold Webb Bros 71 av 227 lbs at $3 85.

Hill sold Webb Bros 118 av 210 lbs at $3 75.

Lucke sold Webb Bros 104 av 206 lbs at $3 75.

Merritt sold Webb Bros 82 av 229 lbs at $3 75.

Beardsley sold Webb Bros 137 av 241 lbs at $3 77½.

Boraine sold Webb Bros 322 av 228 lbs at $3 75.

Clement sold Webb Bros 64 av 231 lbs at $3 75.

Morris sold Webb Bros 59 av 193 lbs at $3 75.

Harwood sold Webb Bros 99 av 183 lbs at $3 55.

Adgate sold Webb Bros 121 av 192 lbs at $3 70.

G D Spencer sold Webb Bros 77 av 192 lbs at $3 65.

Lewis sold Hammond & Co 82 av 207 lbs at $3 75.

Burlingame sold Hammond & Co 94 av 227 lbs at $3 70.

C Roe sold Hammond & Co 56 av 310 lbs at $3 70.

Taylor sold Steele 65 av 210 lbs at $3 65.

Stabler sold Hammond & Co 78 av 261 lbs at $3 70.

Banfield sold Webb Bros 66 av 210 lbs at $3 50.

Farnam sold Sullivan 40 av 125 lbs at $3 30.

Long sold Hammond & Co 25 av 254 lbs at $3 60.

Clark sold Sullivan 61 av 145 lbs at $3 30.

C Roe sold Webb Bros 180 av 220 lbs at $3 70.

Clark sold Webb Bros 65 av 264 lbs at $3 70.

Walls sold Hammond & Co 66 av 215 lbs at $3 62½.

C Roe sold Webb Bros 312 av 173 lbs at $3 60.

Lomason sold Hammond & Co 44 av 226 lbs at $3 65.

O Hara sold Hammond & Co 129 av 204 lbs at $3 60.

Casey sold Webb Bros 151 av 193 lbs at $3 70.

Balderson sold Webb Bros 152 av 189 lbs at $3 55.

Lossing sold Hammond & Co 194 av 193 lbs at $3 60.

Nott sold Steele 70 av 184 lbs at $3 65.

Stevens sold Hammond & Co 72 av 215 lbs at $3 62½.

Derindger sold Hammond & Co 92 av 240 lbs at $3 65.

Balderson sold Hammond & Co 85 av 197 lbs at $3 70.

Kalaher sold Webb Bros 77 av 213 lbs at $3 65.

Spicer sold Webb Bros 92 av 209 lbs at $3 60.

Judson sold Webb Bros 99 av 187 lbs at $3 50.

Angel sold Webb Bros 66 av 220 lbs at $3 65.

Jeffards sold Steele 75 av 216 lbs at $3 65.

Smith sold Hammond & Co 28 av 198 lbs at $3 60.

Jedele sold Hammond & Co 28 av 274 lbs at $3 65.

Lovewell sold Hammond & Co 25 av 134 lbs at $3 60.

Wyman sold Webb Bros 21 av 189 lbs at $3 65.

Detman sold Webb Bros 109 av 203 lbs at $3 65.

Sprague sold Steele 140 av 189 lbs at $3 65.

Stevens sold Webb Bros 89 av 186 lbs at $3 55.

Chicago.

CATTLE.—Receipts 56,289, against 54,035 last week. Shipments 12,454. The receipts of cattle on Monday numbered 14,796 head. The light offerings and an active demand advanced prices a strong 10 cents per hundred over those of Saturday. Native steers sold at $2 75@5 25, bulk at $3 60@4 70. No western cattle were received. Through Texas sold at $1 10@2 for bulls and cows, and $2 80@2 85 for steers. Calves sold at $3 25. Native cows sold at 75c@2 75, bulk at $1 60@2 20. Stock cattle sold at $2 10@2 75. The market was about steady on Tuesday and ruled a shade higher on Wednesday with an active demand. On Friday the receipts were light and the demand active, the market closing strong at the following

QUOTATIONS:

Extra beeves, 1,400@1,700 lbs	$5 10@5 35
Good to fancy, 1,300@1,600 lbs	4 00@5 15
Poor to medium steers	2 85@3 90
Poor to choice cows, 850@1,000 lbs	75@2 65
Stockers and feeders	2 00@3 20
Veal calves	1 75@4 75
Western rangers	2 25@3 90
Texas steers	2 15@3 15
Texas cows	1 25@2 10

HOGS.—Receipts 187,572, against 179,788 last week. Shipments 27,466. The receipts of hogs on Monday numbered 39,028 head. The market opened up active at an advance of 5 cents over Saturday's prices, became stronger, and before the close sales were made at 10@15 cents advance. Heavy sold at $3 60@4 12½, bulk at $3 80@4; mixed, $3 60@4, bulk at $3 70@3 90; light, $3 50@3 90, bulk at $3 65@3 85. Pigs sold at $2 50@3 60. Prices were steady on Tuesday, but declined 10c on Wednesday, closing weak. On Friday the market was active and 5@7½ cents higher; light sold at $3 60@3 90; mixed, $3 70@4; heavy packing and shipping, $3 65@4 05.

Buffalo.

CATTLE.—Receipts 15,567, against 12,907 the previous week. There were 150 car loads of cattle on sale Monday. The demand was active for all grades and prices ranged 15@20 cents higher than on the previous Monday. Export steers were quoted at $4 60@4 80; choice shipping steers, $4 15@4 40; good do, $4@4 10; fair to good butchers steers of 900 to 1,100 lbs, $3@3 25; common to good mixed butchers stock, $2 25@2 75; and stockers at $1 50@2 25. With light receipts and a fair demand for the balance of the week the market closed on Friday at the following

QUOTATIONS.

Extra Beeves—Graded steers, weighing 1,500 to 1,600 lbs	$4 60@4 80
Choice Beeves—Fine, fat, well-formed steers, weighing 1,400 to 1,500 lbs	4 15@4 40
Good Beeves—Well-fattened steers weighing 1,300 to 1,400	4 00@4 10
Medium Grades—Steers in fine flesh, weighing 1,100 to 1,300	3 35@3 90
Light Butchers'—Steers averaging 950 to 1,100 lbs., of fair to good quality	3 00@3 25
Butchers' Stock—Inferior to common steers and heifers, for city slaughter, weighing 900 to 1,000 lbs.	1 75@2 25
Michigan stock cattle, common to choice	1 50@2 25
Michigan feeders, fair to choice	2 80@3 00
Fat bulls fair to extra	2 25@3 00

SHEEP.—Receipts 29,200, against 26,400 the previous week. There were 80 car loads of sheep on sale Monday. The reports from the east were bad and shippers were out of the market. The quality of the stock was better than for some time, but the demand was light and sheep sold 15@20 cents lower than on Saturday. Culls and common sheep brought $3@3 50; fair to good sheep, $4@4 15; good to choice 85 to 95 lbs, $4 75@4 85; extra 110 to 120 lbs, $4 90@5; cull lambs, $3 75@3 90; fair to good, $4 75@4 90; choice to extra, $5 75@6. The market was slow and weak on Tuesday and Wednesday, but not quotably lower. On Friday the market was active and prices higher. Good to choice sold at $4 75@4 95; extra, $5@5 25; lambs, good to choice, $5 75@5 95; extra, $6@6 25.

HOGS.—Receipts 66,820, against 57,460 the previous week. There were 125 car loads of hogs on sale Monday. There was a fair demand and local dealers bought liberally at price 5@10 cents higher than those of Saturday. Good hogs of 150 to 160 lbs brought $3 75@3 90; good Yorkers to York buyers, $3 90@4: mixed good Yorkers and medium weight hogs, $4@4 05; a few loads closely selected by Pennsylvania butchers bringing $4 10; packers' grades of best quality offerings, $4@4 10, and a load of fancy heavy at a shade stronger price. Closely selected pigs, $3 40@3 50. Prices were steady on Tuesday and Wednesday with moderate receipts. On Friday top grades were in fair demand; common light not wanted. Heavy, medium and mixed were quoted at $3 85@3 90. There were 140 car loads on sale.